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May 1918



ENLISTING IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY
IN LONDON WITH C. D. GIBSON
WITH GOMEZ IN THE CUBAN SKIRMISHES
SHORT STORIES

By Eben E. Rexford, Francis Lynde and Hayden Carruth

Matchless for the Complexion



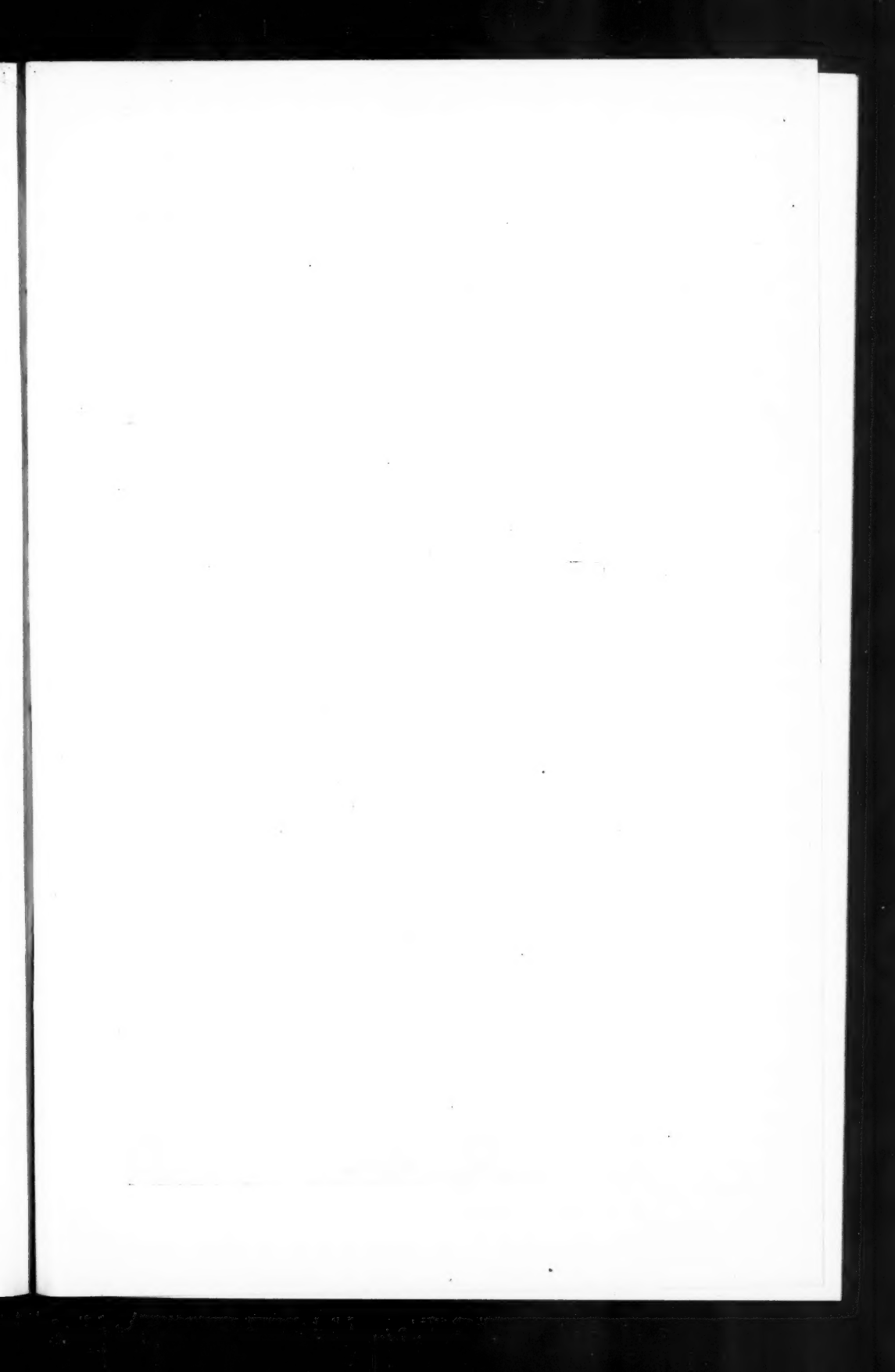
Fair women, blest with Beauty's prize—

Whose witching charms e'en Old Time spares—
Will tell you this: The secret lies

Within the soap—of course its PEARs'

Pears' is the most economical of all soaps. It does not crumble after using; it does not become soft. It wears to thinness of a wafer, and the thin piece may be moistened and stuck on top of a fresh cake. Used in this way not a particle of soap is lost. There is no waste in Pears' Soap. It is a clean soap, and it is a necessity for the clean. It is a comfort and a luxury. Pears' is the soap that lasts longest, and it is "a balm for the skin." All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

"GOLDEN AFTERNOON."  
*From the painting by George H. Boughton.*

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. HENRY G. MARQUAND.



# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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No. 2.

## IN LONDON WITH CHARLES DANA GIBSON

BY SARA CROWQUILL

IT was a happy thought that suggested "London" as a theme for Mr. C. D.

Gibson's pencil. Although he is one of our most characteristic Americans, the subject seems to fit his abilities with special aptness. An artist is of all people most readily cosmopolitan, and carries his prejudices and insularity about with him less than others do. The reason for this is apparent. An artist's mind is on a different plane from that of the philosopher's for instance, which is pre-eminently a reasoning one and has to penetrate beneath the surfaces of things, find cause and effect, debate moralities and discuss philanthropies. The artist on the contrary, must do none of these things. His soul as Ruskin has said, is like an open sheet ready to retain and record impressions, and none can be broad or great enough to receive all that God has to give. So all the world is his country and all mankind his fellow citizens. His part is not to moralize, reason, preach or even tell a story, but to look out on the world with eyes that are trained to see, so that we poor mortals who are not artists and are therefore in a measure blind, may see with his sight and perceive with his perception.

Judged by this standard Mr. Gibson is a true artist. Sensitive to beauty, he seems to care only to record what is bright, pleasing and for the most part joyous. As he sees it the world is ever in gala dress, a bright panorama with the moving figures of beautiful women and irreproachably dressed and generally dignified men. He

has no Hogarthian sense of vice, poverty or wretchedness, and little of John Leech's or Charles Keene's idea of the grotesque. Yet his pictures are full of gentle humor and if a broad laugh is absent, there is always a smile suggested.

Love is the theme he most often dwells on and if we were to judge from what he tells us, we would think it to be the one thing in life. No one will quarrel with this presentation and none can show us its supremacy so well as the artist and poet.

The little god appears in many phases, coaxing, coquetting, ironical. He has been turned out of doors and stands without weeping, while the couple to whom he had been all in all seem as divided as the east is from the west. Mr. Gibson often touches a deep note of pathos, as in the sketch where a man and woman are seated



ABLE BODIED MEN WANTED.

FROM "LONDON AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON."  
COPYRIGHT 1897, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

and little Cupid, cold and dead, lies between them with flowers strewn over his bier. He has also a satirical vein, which is shown in the picture entitled "Lenten Confessions," where Cupid is installed in the confessional box, with a fair devotee kneeling at either side.

Mr. Gibson is hard on the people who marry for rank, title, position, or any other thing which puts the little god at a disadvantage, or dethrones him from his rightful place. Usually however, he shows us the bright side of things. What groups of happy, beautiful girls he gives us, and what devoted cavaliers they have. He seems to think that nothing is so fair as fair women, and the American girl as he depicts her has almost become a type. "She looks like a Gibson girl" is not an uncommon saying; and to look like a Gibson girl, is not without its merits. Although our artist has expressed in his drawings disapproval of women usurping the spheres of men, his girls suggest intellectuality. He has none of the doll-like, inanely pretty faces which artists used to give women in olden days. His girls look as if they would have opinions of their own and would act with discrimination in the affairs of life. They are tall and graceful and although not in the least like fashion plates, their clothes are becoming and fit perfectly.

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Gibson's attitudes are carefully drawn and studied and his disposition of line is pleasant and harmonious. His drawings are seen to better advantage when reproduced on a large scale as has been done in the book of the "London." Here you can get the full sweep and freedom of his line and see how cleverly the heads are modeled and rounded, and how the arrangement of his lines suggest color, light and shade and flesh tone. Although I believe Mr. Gibson has said that he never spent any money yet in buying a tube of paint, many of his drawings are so suggestive of color, that we might wish to see what he would give us in that direction. Yet there is so much spontaneity and freshness in his sketches, that we do not wonder he refuses to forsake a field in which he has exercised such peculiar charm.

There is little landscape in Gibson's work, but what there is is well massed and pleasantly subordinated to the moving groups of figures. He gives the idea of distance and space and his groups are well composed. He can suggest more with fewer lines than almost any artist we can think of. Of course all the qualities we have mentioned are subordinate to that which is his chief possession, namely: discernment of character.

There are many sides of life which Gibson never touches, but the fashionable society side which he does show, he is quite master of. The people in an afternoon drive in the Park, a crowd gathered under the trees at a lawn party, or a group around a dinner table, he gives to the life. We are as much interested in his people as if we knew them and admire their gracefulness and laugh at their follies, just as he wishes us.

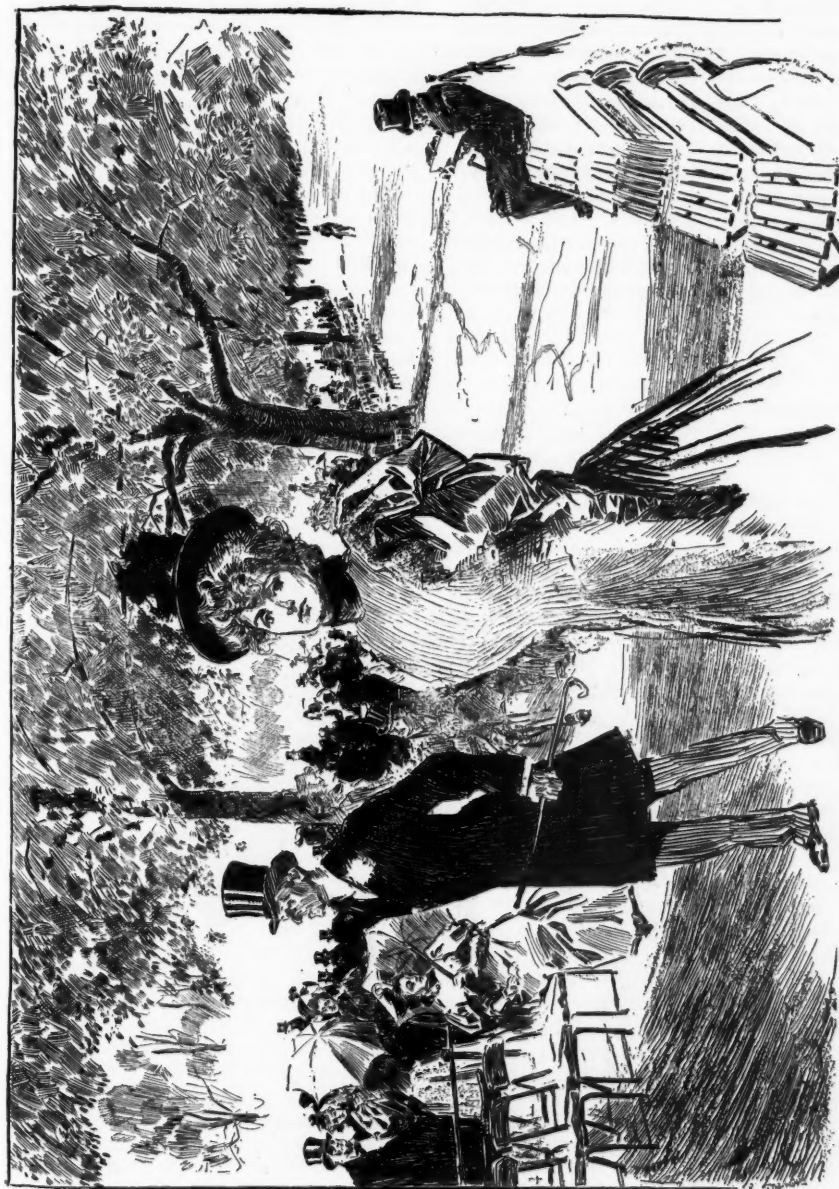
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It is wonderful how much of our recollections, aspirations, tastes—historical, literary, artistic and otherwise—is bound up in the one word—London. How much do we see going about its streets that is as familiar to us from our childhood as household words. And the life there is just enough different from our own to excite lively interest.

It is not strange then that artists and especially an artist like Mr. Gibson, who makes human nature pre-eminently his study, should be attracted to London. How many distinguished predecessors he has had, and who that walks the streets of the world's metropolis is not constantly seeing groups and conditions which have become familiar through the drawings of John Leech, Charles Keene and the lovable and genial George Du Maurier. It is gratifying to us that we are enabled to present to our readers Mr. Gibson's sketch of Mr. Du Maurier. It must have been a delight to Du Maurier to show the great city to Gibson, and no one could have been more delightful as a guide.

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London as a field for the study of human nature is not surpassed. So vast is its population and of so cosmopolitan a



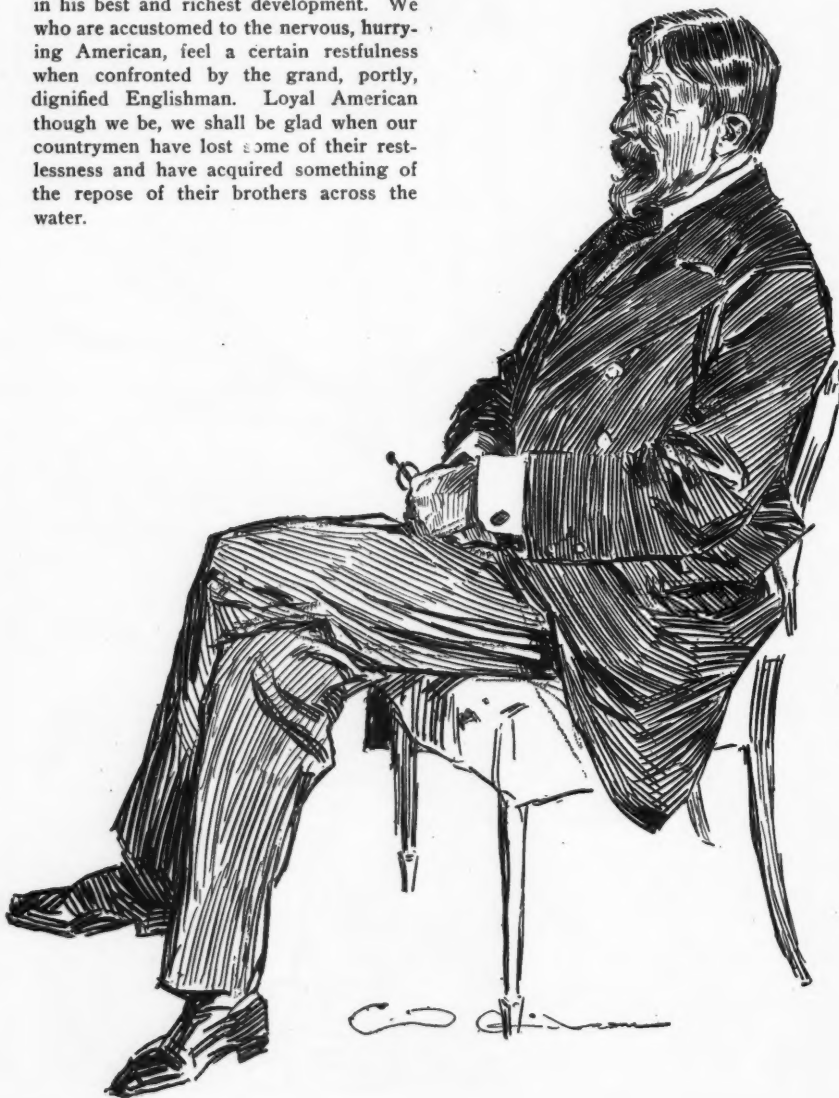
A MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL IN HYDE PARK.

DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

FROM LONDON: AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON.  
COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

nature, that you can really study there any nationality in the world. But, of course, when we go to London we think of no one but the English. What a stalwart, handsome race they are, the Anglo-Saxon in his best and richest development. We who are accustomed to the nervous, hurrying American, feel a certain restfulness when confronted by the grand, portly, dignified Englishman. Loyal American though we be, we shall be glad when our countrymen have lost some of their restlessness and have acquired something of the repose of their brothers across the water.

An Englishman does not seem to be in our eternal hurry and for all that gets as much work done. He has more sense of



leisure than the American and pays more attention to the graces and amenities of life. Mr. Gibson himself says, "A Member of Parliament, during a short recess, will leave the House and drive miles to a dinner. He may arrive thirty minutes late, or leave before the dinner is half over. A Quartermaster General will leave the War Office an hour earlier, because he has promised to go bicycling with some young people, and an editor will leave his paper and accompany his wife to a tea." The American society woman has sufficient leisure, but she too has the native restlessness and manages to fill her time to such an extent that she is often on the borders of nervous prostration. A bright young American girl once told me how she spent a day. She took a lesson in some kind of art work in the morning from ten to twelve, afterwards joined a party at luncheon and went to a concert which she left in time to attend an afternoon tea. A dinner party and a dance afterwards completed this industrious young woman's day. O for the leisure of our grandmothers and for something of the deliberateness and dignity of English life! We can imagine the enthusiasm with which an artist takes up its study and how rich a field he finds it.

Mr. Gibson has divided his "London" into five parts. "London Streets"; "Audiences"; "Parks"; "Salons" and "People." As we said before there are whole sides of life he never touches and we feel this in looking over the section of the book devoted to "Streets." An artist with a broader love for and understanding of humanity, could have given us something more adequate than we find here. But what he does present to us is so delightful, that we should not quarrel with him because he gives us nothing more. Here is a group of pretty girls on Hyde Park corner and a passing panorama of figures on Bond Street. The girls' faces have much of the character to which we have been accustomed in Mr. Gibson's drawings, but perhaps the style is more sedate and the attitude more demure than when he presented the American type to our consideration. We think that these later drawings have gained in simplicity and direct-

ness of style and that many of them are charming in color. London "Audiences" are admirably done. "A First Night" is masterly in its disposition and management of line and in the play of light and shade on heads and faces. Mr. Gibson has hardly been so successful in his "Court" studies and it seems to us that an American artist with a fine sense of humor might have thoroughly exploited the English absurdities of gown and wig. There are many practises in England which have been solemnized by custom which would be laughed out of existence in America in six months. Uncle Sam may claim to have a larger sense of humor than John Bull. Indeed the late Professor H. H. Boyeson once accused the average American of dividing his time into two parts, the largest portion to be devoted to money making and what remained to be spent in making jokes.

"English Parks" are a theme after Mr. Gibson's own heart and we feel all the brightness and gayety of the moving throng. Parks are the most democratic institutions in the world and are about the only places frequented by rich and poor alike. Blessed be out of doors, where we are all on a level with God's sky and sunshine above us! It is when we come beneath a roof and are enclosed by walls, that the distinctions man has made are felt.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the drawings are those of the "Salons" and "People." The English take themselves seriously and their social functions are for them among the important things in life. Mr. Gibson says they are the "most hospitable people he ever met" and we can well imagine how glad they were to have the opportunity of being good to the distinguished young artist. He makes some pleasant allusions in the text to the gratitude of the English for services rendered, and speaks of the enthusiasm with which the Prince of Wales was received on a race course and of the loyalty shown to the royal family.

The group with which the book ends, of the three Englishmen standing while giving a toast to the Queen, is a fitting conclusion to the whole.





FROM THE PAINTING BY LAUFFERBERG.

SINGING BAND.

## SOME MEMORIES OF LEOPOLD DAMROSCH

BY CAROLINE A. POWELL

**A**MIDST the struggle for riches, precedence and political preeminence in America, we are apt to forget that after all the greatest power is wielded by those who are not primarily seeking for it. The legislator, the governor, the soldier, does not wield so much influence as the poet, the artist, the musician. He who appeals to the emotional rather than to the reasoning faculties, is the one who is listened to. Human reason is often a poor thing, but human affection we can always respect. Of all arts, music is loved the most, and none of them have so much capacity for debasement, on the one hand, or for exaltation on the other. Go into the lowest parts of cities where a sense of the beautiful seems almost forgotten, yet there you will find the jingling piano, the twanging banjo, and the popular song; or, if we enter homes of highest culture or temples of religion, we find the same art followed and revered. It was said in Paris that Offenbach was leading the people hellwards, while Beethoven would lead them towards heaven. The man who can guide to a higher musical taste is to be praised, but he who can elevate the artistic instincts of all classes is a public benefactor. These are reflections which come to the mind

when we recall the memory of Leopold Damrosch.

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Thirty years ago there was little love for good music in New York. The city had not then become what it is now, a magnet to attract the best talent in the world.

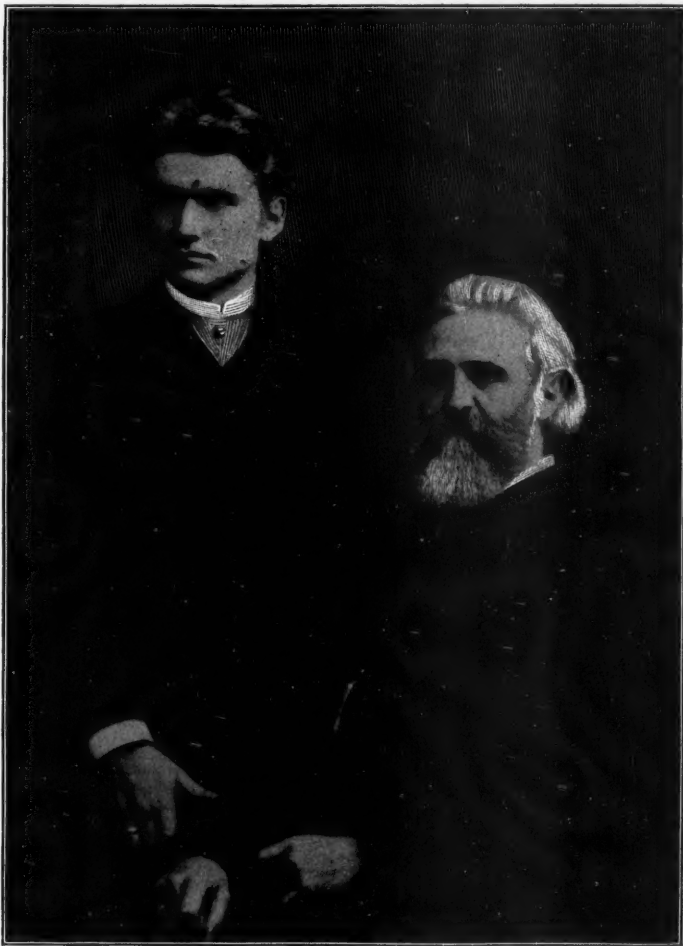
Some time previous to this, Theodore Thomas had commenced his symphony concerts, and had persistently given people music of the highest order which they did not want to hear and would not pay to listen to. Steinway Hall, on the nights of these concerts, was generally about two-thirds filled, and fully one-third of the tickets were given away. Yet Mr. Thomas heroically persevered and great is the debt we owe him for so doing.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch was invited in 1871 to this country from Breslau, Prussia, to become the conductor of the Arion Singing Society. He had even then an eminent musical record as a violinist and as conductor of an orchestra in Breslau; and he was the friend of Berlioz and Liszt, the latter of whom dedicated to him one of his symphonic poems, "Le Triomphe Funébre de Tasse," an honor extended to two others only—Wagner and Berlioz.

Dr. Damrosch was quick to realize the

musical condition of New York and considered that the best way to enlist the interest of the people and win them to higher intelligence was by the establishment of singing societies. So it came to

had been short-lived and were failures both artistically and financially. Many men who have been successful conductors of orchestras have utterly come short as leaders of choral societies. A conductor



DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH AND HIS SON, WALTER DAMROSCH.

pass that in 1873 he founded the Oratorio Society.

There had been several attempts to promote organizations of this nature which should aim to produce the great choral works of the masters, but most of these

who stands up before a number of paid and professional musicians to lead them through the mazes of a great orchestral work, has a different task before him from he who undertakes to conduct a choral body. The rule of the Oratorio Society



was that no one could become a member who could not read music at sight. Yet, although there was a number of church choir singers, the large majority of the members were men and women who were engaged in business throughout the day, and who came to the society at night as

be possessed of extraordinary magnetic and sympathetic power. Such a man pre-eminently was Leopold Damrosch. Great as he was as composer and virtuoso and as an orchestral leader, he had peculiar distinction as a chorus conductor, and he was the simplest and least self-conscious



FROM THE PAINTING BY P. H. ARBO.

THE RIDE OF THE WALKYRIES.

From Wagner's opera, "Die Walkure."

a relaxation, and also to gain what glimpses they could of great musical works. The conductor who can stand before voluntary singers like these and can so imbue them with musical sense that they can render great compositions artistically, must not only be a great artist himself, but must

of men. He moved about among the members, which came at last to number more than five hundred, like a father among his family, with a pleasant word, smile or bow now for this one or for that. It is not too much to say that each member of the choir was personally attached to him.

But when he stood at the leader's desk, baton in hand, every sound was hushed and all knew the master could not be trifled with.

None but those who have experienced it know the enormous amount of work and patience it takes to effectively drill a chorus. In so large a number there will be some who are tired or careless and who will persist, for instance, in singing E flat when they should sing E natural. It takes a dogged amount of will power to repeatedly correct these triflers and, at the same time, keep the whole body enthused with the interest and importance of their work.

How often has a rehearsal under Dr. Damrosch begun in a listless and spiritless manner and warmed up into genuine enthusiasm under the magnetism of the leader.

Besides having a poetical nature, he had a keen sense of humor and knew what value it was, after singing steadily for a time, to stop for a few minutes to have a good, hearty laugh.

And yet I have known him to be so irritated by continued inattention and lack of comprehension of his ideas, that he actually broke his baton in two on the desk before him. It was a rare treat in beginning the study of a great work to hear his exposition of its beauties and to see how he gradually brought the whole assembly into intimate touch with the composer's idea.

I understand that for the first seven or eight years Dr. Damrosch never received one penny for his services as conductor of the Oratorio Society. Choral organizations are apt to be weak on the financial side, and with the condition of musical taste in New York in those days, there

was little support for the grave and lofty works the society aimed to give. An unselfish and noble-hearted artist like Damrosch preferred that what money there was on hand should be expended in securing suitable soloists for the public concerts and in otherwise furthering the artistic benefit of the organization.

\* \* \*

Another feature of his public spirit was that he always admitted strangers to the hearing of the weekly public rehearsals, a practice which has been continued by his son. These were held for several years in Association Hall, on Twenty-third St. The choir occupied the floor of the hall while the galleries were open to visitors.

As no one would be likely to frequent such occasions but genuine lovers of music, the usefulness of the rehearsals was never impaired by the presence of strangers, but, on the contrary, they gave much valuable education and enjoyment to many who were not singers, and yet wished to familiarize themselves with great works.



FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS MAKART.  
BALCONY SCENE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."



FROM THE PAINTING BY GEX VON THEOD.

ELSA AND LOHENGRIN;

Scene from Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin."

Rehearsals of the Symphony Society could occasionally be listened to in the same way and the liberality of the Damroschs in this respect contrasts sharply with the exclusiveness practiced elsewhere. The Boston Symphony Society, for instance, was started with the proclaimed purpose of furnishing music of the highest sort for the common people, but neither it nor any other organization which I know of practice this hospitality of the New York Oratorio and Symphony Societies. It is pleasant to remember how, on rare occasions, the Doctor would turn his genial sunny face to the galleries and say how glad he was to see visitors and pleased at the interest they showed in the studies of the singers and in the work of the great master whose composition they proposed to give.

Walter Damrosch was very young when the Oratorio Society was organized. He first became an alto in the chorus, then when the Symphony was started some years later, he played a violin in the orchestra and afterwards became his father's accompanist at the rehearsals and organist at the concerts. Dr. Damrosch's wife, daughter and sister-in-law were all accomplished singers and furnished a splendid support to the soprano division of the choir, so that almost the whole Damrosch family were represented in various capacities. Walter was an ideal accompanist, and bred as he had been in a musical atmosphere, the sympathy between him and his father was beautiful to see. It will be remembered how he used to seat himself at the piano before the rehearsal began and

play little bits of improvisations while the buzz of talking was going on. Then the Doctor would take up his baton and there would be complete silence. The rehearsal would commence and every suggestion or criticism of the leader be at once responded to and expounded on the piano by the accompanist. It was like one mind in two bodies.

\* \* \*

When the great musical festival was planned in New York in 1881—the first ever given in the metropolis—Walter was his father's right-hand man.

Although then only nineteen years of age, he assisted in drilling the great chorus of twelve hundred, which was divided into sections of five hundred, or so, each, and was culled not from New York only, but

from Newark, N. J., and the different suburbs. The labor involved in this undertaking was immense. To drill such raw material, as many of the sections were composed of, in works like Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" and Berlioz's "Requiem," both of which were then given for the first time in America, to say nothing of more familiar compositions, required herculean energy. Berlioz's "Grand Messe Des Morts" is seldom produced on account of its unusual requirements. It is written for four separate bands and a double chorus and has all the descriptive character, dramatic effects and rich coloring we associate with the name of Berlioz. The whole composition is impressive and majestic, but no one that has ever heard it will forget the tremendous "Dies Irae" of this work. There is an orchestral passage of appalling force, played mainly by the brass instruments.

The mind of the listener is filled with apprehension as if, indeed, the end of all things were at hand and the heavens were to be wrapped together like a scroll; and in the confusion and alarm caused by the blatant discordant tones, you feel like sinking on your knees and calling to the rocks to fall and hide you from the presence of the coming Judge. At this juncture, the full chorus of the basses breaks in with a tremendous forte:

"Tuba, mirum spargens  
sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum."

It is the supreme moment of the performance and many conductors lose their presence of mind, so intense is the excitement of the music.

Dr. Damrosch was well fitted to interpret Berlioz. He had been his intimate friend and had the rare combination of an emotional with an intellectual temperament. He had produced some time before Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliette," and also his other colossal work, "La Damnation De Faust," of which it was said that the labor of writing it was as nothing to that of having it rehearsed. This performance took the New York world by storm, and no less than six consecutive renditions were given to crowded houses—a most unusual occurrence for a work of this nature—and Dr. Damrosch received requests for performances of it from Philadelphia, Boston and several other cities.

Of all the composers who have treated



FROM THE PAINTING BY GEZ VON THEOD.

SANTA'S DEATH.

From Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman."

the well-worn, but ever-fascinating theme of Faust, none have made so dramatic and stirring an account of it as has Berlioz.

Without the aid of acting or stage setting, and simply by wonderful orchestral and choral effects, he brings the whole drama before the mind in a succession of tone pictures. At the opening Faust is in deep despondency. His purpose of suicide is broken in upon with a heavenly Easter chorus:

"Christ has re-ascended."

The scene ends with a call to war and the exciting and enlivening Rakoczy March. Then the sneering, bantering Mephistopheles appears and there is a remarkable scene in the students' tavern, where he endeavors to win Faust over to gross pleasures. This passes and we are transported to fairyland, and in an exquisitely delicate chorus where the voices are so soft that they seem almost like

"Petals from blown roses on the grass,"

Faust is wooed into a magic sleep and the orchestra ends with the "Danse of the Sylphes," than which nothing more airily delicate was ever written for strings. The scenes between Faust and Marguerite are beautifully tender and Marguerite's soliloquy, "King of Thule," with its sonorous, heart moving accompaniment, is a wonderful bit of song writing. Berlioz's delight in fatalism appears in the finale. He did not believe in Faust's repentance and final redemption, as did the sweet Schumann and as Gounod indicates. The conclusion is styled, "The Ride to Hell," and Mephistopheles takes complete possession of Faust. You can hear the galloping of the unearthly horses, the snorting from their fiery nostrils, the dazed questioning of Faust, the hurrying "Hopp, hopp" of Mephistopheles, the shrieks of demons and finally the Pandemonium of despair. It is an awful ending, but of great power.

We are aware that the friends of "absolute music" severely criticize Berlioz and accuse him of transgressing the laws of art by writing in this descriptive way, but no less an authority than Saint-Saens has defended him and the great Wagner has shown him deference. The catholicity of

Dr. Damrosch is evident in that he could interpret a work like the above so admirably and at the same time do justice to the compositions of men like Bach, Handel, Beethoven and Wagner.

We can see how great strides had been made in developing musical intelligence. Instead of half-empty concert rooms and indifferent audiences when the best music was given, we now have crowded houses and enthusiastic listeners.

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The Metropolitan Opera House was opened in 1883 with a season of Italian Opera, but the management found that the public were no longer satisfied with the sweet, dulcet melodies of Donizetti or Verdi, and now demanded the solid intellectuality, emotional sweep, grand sonority and gorgeous coloring of Richard Wagner. They had been trained to a more severe and classical taste in the concert room.

The Italian season closed with a disastrous loss, and it is matter of history how, finally, towards the close of the summer, the directors of the Metropolitan applied to Dr. Damrosch for counsel. His advice at once was "German Opera." There was doubt in the minds of many whether such a scheme was practicable or even possible in America, and, besides, the summer was drawing to a close and what time was there before the next season should commence for an undertaking of such magnitude? But Dr. Damrosch had long wished for an opportunity to worthily produce German Opera, and he undertook to perform the seemingly impossible. In one month, September, 1884, he crossed the ocean, engaged his company and returned to begin the colossal work of rehearsal and preparation. With the one exception of Madame Materna, he eliminated the star system from his company and in each opera given, he sought in the stage setting, costumes, choruses, orchestra and solos to present the most complete artistic results. The wonderful scenic effects and elaborate arrangements of such operas as "Siegfried," "Die Walküre" and "The Flying Dutchman," made this an immense undertaking. In addition, he had his work

with the Oratorio and Symphony Societies to attend to, and it could not have been done without the assistance of his son Walter. The German Opera was a splendid success, but the life of the leader was the price paid. In February, 1885, when

last time they should see their beloved leader in life. The next day pneumonia set in and in a few days the city was startled by the news that Leopold Damrosch was dead. Some men are more difficult to connect with death than others. There are



FROM THE PAINTING BY LITZENMAYER.

MARGUERITE AND MARTHA IN JEWEL SCENE.

From Gounod's opera, "Faust."

but one week remained to complete the operatic season, Dr. Damrosch returned home from a rehearsal one bitter winter afternoon thoroughly tired out. He had evidently taken cold and, although visibly ill, he rehearsed the Oratorio as usual that night, and little they thought it was the

some lives that are the incarnation of movement and energy and this life meant music and sunshine to us. How could we think of him lying cold and still? The sun seemed gone out of the heaven for awhile when we thought of Leopold Damrosch dead, and the members of the Oratorio



Society were as children bereaved of a father.

\* \* \*

He bequeathed his work to his son Walter and he had died desirous that his death should not occasion any interruption. It was a difficult and hard undertaking for so

many harsh and captious critics, and especially during his earlier years of public life have these been severe upon him. It is strange that so sweet an art as music should call forth such rancor in the way of criticism. The Damroschs have performed gigantic labors for the advance-



FROM THE PAINTING BY K. DIELITZ.

SIEGFRIED FIGHTING THE DRAGON.

From Wagner's "Nibelung Ring."

young a man, but he addressed himself to it bravely. He was appointed conductor of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies, also joint conductor with Mr. Anton Seidl of the German Opera, the following season, and has held the positions with great success ever since. While he has made hosts of friends, he has had, like his father,

ment of musical intelligence, with little financial means and against great odds. It should be remembered that every orchestral rehearsal is expensive and the number of these must be limited when the means are small, and so the public performance cannot be as finished as the leader himself would wish. It is to be



hoped that the present efforts tending towards the establishment of a permanent orchestra in New York may be perfected so that these obstacles to complete artistic work may be removed.

The critics, however, seem to have done Walter Damrosch small harm, for he has gone on prospering.

He has followed in his father's footsteps as conductor in opera and concert and in addition to smaller compositions, has written a successful opera, "The Scarlet Letter." New York was without a suitable music hall and the millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, principally through his interest in the young conductor, built the beautiful and capacious structure which is now the pride of the metropolis. The acoustics of the different places in which concerts had been given were unsatisfactory. This was remedied in the new building, and by digging a very deep foundation, the space below the sidewalk was utilized for a smaller hall for rehearsals and chamber concerts. While this excavation was in progress, Walter Damrosch was leading the Oratorio Society one night in some difficult passages. Seeing the chorus was a little tired, he laid his baton down for a moment and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, whenever you are feeling dull or discouraged, I would advise you to go to the corner of Fifty-seventh St. and Seventh Ave. and look at a beautiful hole that is there. I have been feeling rather discouraged myself, but have revived, thinking that in course of time I should be able to see the Oratorio Society singing in that hole." This brought the desired laugh and the rehearsal proceeded more briskly.

It is remembered by many that Mr. Carnegie invited the young musician on a coaching tour through England and Scotland, and that the daughter of Mr. James G. Blaine was one of the party. It must be unfortunate for those who are much in the public eye, that it is difficult to keep their courting from the knowledge of outsiders. After their return to America there were many rumors and premature announcements in the daily press regarding "The engagement of Mr. Damrosch and Miss Blaine," and Mr. Damrosch pub-

licly contradicted some of them, going so far as to say that he "wished the newspapers would leave him and his affairs alone." But the thing was at length happily settled, and, on account of its consummation, an oratorio rehearsal had to be put off. When the adjourned evening arrived, matters proceeded as usual, but during an intermission Mr. Damrosch said: "I am very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that I have had to put you to the trouble of coming on another evening than the one appointed, but an important engagement prevented my being able to be with you." Here there was a ripple of laughter and a round of applause, and as it died away he added: "I assure you it shall not occur again."

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This article would not be complete without some allusion to the work of Mr. Frank Damrosch. Although not so well known to the general public as his younger brother, he is much esteemed among musicians for his excellent work in the training of voices. He has been chorus master in the opera, has been leader of many singing societies and has often led the Oratorio Society in his brother's absence. His unselfish and beneficent services in establishing singing classes for the people is worthy of unstinted praise and will do more in developing musical intelligence among the masses than any other method which has been tried. It is gratifying to hear that so intelligent and capable a musician has been appointed Superintendent of Singing in the New York public schools.

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Mr. Walter Damrosch is at present one of the most able and popular conductors in America. Several years ago when he and his chorus gave Grell's "Missa Solennis," a work which is to be sung unaccompanied, always a difficult undertaking, the distinguished musician, Von Bulow, who was present, wrote him the following note:

"My Dear Friend and Valiant Young Colleague:—

"You gave me last night a very, very great pleasure. Your chorus is a 'col-

lective virtuoso,' such as the oldest and most celebrated institutions of the kind in the German Emperor's city of Berlin cannot hope to approach....'Per aspera ad astra!' I exclaimed again and again while the intoxicatingly beautiful sounds of so many well schooled throats came to my ears. If the spirit of my old and revered comrade, Leopold Damrosch, could only have listened to the endeavors of his son, the worthy continuer and successor of the work begun by him; the artistification of the land of freedom! But he does continue to live in you. 'Macte virtute tua Valteri! Vale et me ama!'

"Hans Von Bulow."

It has always been interesting to see Mr. Damrosch lead his beloved father's compositions, one of which, "Sulamith," has several times been sung by the chorus. The Oratorio Society is now one of the most prosperous and competent choral bodies we have. The number of the members has been limited to five hundred and there is always a list of names of those who are waiting a vacancy on the rolls. Apropos of this, some years ago, when Mr. Damrosch's eldest daughter first made her appearance, her father was away on a summer concert tour, and when the autumn came found himself in need of a vacation. So he wrote a characteristic letter to the Oratorio Society, saying he

was sure that his brother Frank would take good care of them and that they would not mind his having a rest and opportunity to make the acquaintance of his little girl. In regard to this young lady he further added that he had been studying her voice, and so far as he could discern, it was a light soprano and he would like to have her name placed on the list of applications for membership.

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We said at the beginning that the elevators of musical taste were public benefactors. We trust we have demonstrated that the Damroschs are entitled to that name. In an address to the Nineteenth Century Club, Dr. Damrosch had said: "Art must be lifted to the position of religion and religion is dependance and obedience. Equality is a political thing, but it has no place in art. So long as the world lasts there will be rich and poor. But there is a great charity which we in America can give—that is education to everyone, and especially in art."

This was the key note of Dr. Damrosch's character and his example has been followed by his sons.

May America ever possess, emulate and encourage those who would lead her to the upper realms of art!

## FAME

Along a toilsome, weary way with stubble  
strown,  
Far from the haunts of men there sits  
apart, alone,  
A strange, proud Queen; no court but  
Muses round her throne,  
No sceptre save her frown.

Before her passes, day by day, in gaunt  
array,  
The motley crew we call the World. All  
seek the bay  
That idly swings beside the throne. Along  
the way  
The weaker ones sink down.

There passed that way a modest soul, nor  
bent on fame  
Or lauds or honor,—only seeking in His  
name  
To cheer the burdened heart, the blind, the  
halt, the lame  
And sorrows help to drown.

And none there were so lowly, none so  
poor or mean  
But gained the cup of water cool. And  
lo! the Queen  
Bade him draw nigh. Upon his brow the  
bays were seen  
To rest, a very crown!

Arthur Kempton Lane.

## AN UGLY DUCKLING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

THE Brinton-Hoards dwelt in the finest residence in Argentown, and were accorded a proper degree of deference by people who merely lived in houses. Chronologically, as well as in point of worldly possessions, Judge Brinton-Hoard was one of the "first citizens" of Argentown; but it was Jack's mother who maintained the family dignity, and who insisted upon the un-Western adherence to the hyphenated name.

As for Jack, he had long since been labeled a disappointment. His father's desire was to see him grow up to be an honored member of the legal profession; but as Jack's school record continued to show a fair average in mathematics and dismal failures in rhetoric and composition, the judge lost heart, and had serious thoughts of sending his son East to some one of the scholastic gentlemen who advertise to make Admirable Crichtons out of the most unpromising material.

And if the only son was a knotty problem to his father, he was certainly a sore trial to his mother. Mrs. Brinton-Hoard's ideal Jack was well-mannered, graceful, and handsome; whereas the real Jack was uncouth, awkward, and homely. His feet were always getting tangled in the rugs; and at the dinner-table—especially the company dinner-table—he had a way of making himself unconsciously conspicuous that was little less than painful.

Aunt Lascelles, who lived in New York, had never seen her nephew, but her comment on his photograph was unmercifully just. "For pity's sake!" she had said, "he's homely enough to stop a clock!" and she might have added that he was ingenious enough to start it again, for it was in the matter of stopped clocks and other interrupted mechanisms that Jack came out bright and strong. Latin and Greek were both Greek to him; but the internal economy of a steam-engine was as apparent as

the sun at noonday. Two steps into the maze of irregular verbs bewildered him hopelessly; but he would figure out the most abstruse problem in mechanics for mere pastime.

It was Jack's mechanical leanings, and their unavoidable accompaniments, that capped the climax of his mother's despair.

"Where do you suppose I saw Jack, this afternoon?" she said, one day when the judge had come home a little earlier than usual.

"I don't know—in Peter Mantz's blacksmith shop?"

"That is just where he was; pounding away with a great hammer on a piece of red-hot iron!"

"Grimy as usual, I suppose?"

"Grimy?—he was a perfect sight! You could hardly tell what color he was for the soot and smut!"

"I think he divides his time pretty evenly between Mantz's and the machine shop," said the judge.

"Yes, and he gets oil on his clothes, and iron-filings rubbed into his hands, and I don't know what all. Worse than that, he's getting to talk just like the people he associates with."

Mrs. Brinton-Hoard rose and went to the window, and the judge resumed his book. Presently a gentle tapping began to make itself felt in the decorous silence of the library. The judge noticed it first.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply; and Mrs. Brinton-Hoard rang the bell and repeated the question to the servant.

"Sure, mum, it's Master Jack. The shuffling did be blowing out o' the wather pipe to the range, an' he's cut the wather off the while he fixes ut."

"Dear—dear! what next, I wonder? Norah, go down and send him up here directly."

Five minutes later, the door opened to

admit what Jack's mother justly called a "sight." A stocky boy, shapeless in the upturned overalls of the gardener, his face grotesque with random smudges of red lead and soot, stumbled across the threshold.

"You're a pretty looking object to present yourself in your father's library, aren't you?" chided his mother.

The soot and red lead turned Jack's smile into a hideous grin. "Didn't have time to wash up," he explained.

The judge put down his book. "What in the world are you trying to do, Jack?"

"Fixing the water-back in the range; it leaks."

"But that is Cowley's work; you are not a plumber."

"I know, but I thought I could fix it, and I can. Besides, Cowley's gone away."

The judge took off his reading-glasses

and put on the *pince-nez*, with which he overawed contemptuous attorneys and unrepentant criminals. "John," he said gravely, "go and make yourself presentable and then come back here."

Jack hesitated. "Sha'n't I finish the job, first?" he asked.

"No; do as I tell you."

"All right," said Jack, but he stopped in the doorway to add, "Kate can't make a fire till that pipe's coupled up."

That put a different phase on the matter; no fire meant no supper, and the judge compromised with necessity. "H—m—m; are you sure you can readjust the pipe?"

"Why, of course; I took it apart."

"Very well; put it together again and then come to me."

Jack went his way comforted, and when he reentered the library half an hour later, he was rather glad to find his father alone.

He loved his mother in an undemonstrative way, but he stood a little in awe of her.

"Did you succeed?" asked the judge, shutting the paper-knife into his book to keep the place.

"Oh, yes; it wasn't much of a job."

"Very good. Now, Jack, I want to reason with you a little. These ingenuities of yours are all well enough in their way; and if you were going to be a plumber, or a gasfitter, I should encourage them. But you know we have very different views for you; you are to go to college, you are to study law, and, by and by, when the burden grows too heavy for my shoulders, you will step in and help me carry it. Isn't that all true, Jack?"

Jack hung his head. "I know that's what you want me to do."

"Very well; then you must make the most of your opportunities and not waste your time and thought on these other things. If you persist, you know the alternative; don't make it necessary, Jack."

Jack both knew and dreaded the alternative. It was bad enough



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"FIVE MINUTES LATER THE DOOR OPENED TO ADMIT WHAT JACK'S MOTHER JUSTLY CALLED A 'SIGHT.'"

to have one's shortcomings paraded at home, where the jeers were at least friendly; but to go away and be clumsy and awkward and tongue-tied among strangers—the bare thought of it was harrowing.

"I don't want to go away, and I don't mean to be obstinate," he replied, urged into unwonted speech by the exigencies of the case. "I try, and try hard, to learn the things you want me to, but it just seems as if I can't. And about the tinkering—I'd rather fix things than eat, and I can't help that either."

The judge took up his book and opened it at the paper-knife. "You must help it, my son; you know your mother's wishes and mine. See that you bring me a better report from Professor Rhodes at the end of the month."

The month had three weeks to live at the time of this conversation, and for twenty-one days Jack tried strenuously to raise his standing in school. The effort increased his average in mathematics, but the other studies suffered by comparison, and the judge shook his head over the report and spent the Friday evening examining the prospectuses of several special schools for dull boys.

Nevertheless, Jack might have obtained a stay of proceedings if it had not been for the compound locomotive. For three weeks he had managed to steer clear of Mantz's, the machine shop, and the railway yard; but on Saturday he heard about the new engine, hesitated, went to the bridge across the tracks to view it from afar—and fell.



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"HE HAD SOLVED THE PROBLEM IN THEORY, USING THE WALL OF THE ROUND-HOUSE FOR A BLACKBOARD."

The new compound was an experiment on the Argenttown line and the builders had sent a skilled workman to demonstrate its advantages. Unlike his kind, the man seemed to have a special fondness for interrogative boys; and he answered Jack's eager questions with gratifying minuteness of detail. More than that, when the engine was ordered out on its trial trip, he invited Jack to go along, and Jack went.

The trip was a long one, and he barely won home in time for supper, exultant, tired, conscience-stricken, and smelling of oil and burnt varnish. His father said nothing until after supper, and then the sentence of banishment was pronounced; on the following Thursday Jack was to start for Dr. Harshley's school in Pennsylvania, where the tutelage was warranted to succeed and the discipline to control and correct.



Pending the execution of his sentence, Jack went about with his head down and his hands in his pockets, finding no comfort in anything. On the Wednesday morning there was a small diversion. The window in his room overlooked the railway yard, and while he was dressing he saw a group of men gathered around a derailed engine. Half an hour later he was on the ground; it was the big compound, off the track in such a way as to effectually block the yard.

"How did she get off?" he asked one of the shopmen.

"Open switch; Larkins tried to throw it ahead of her and she was too quick for him."

"Why don't they put her on again?"

"They will, if you'll tell 'em how. She weighs sixty tons, and we can't touch her with any tackle we've got. The boss has wired for the wreck-train, but it can't get back before night."

Long after the men had gone to work and the idlers had left the yard, the shopman's words, "They will, if you'll tell 'em how," rang in Jack's ears as he walked around and around the big engine, trying to make up his mind what he should do if he were the master-mechanic. It was a very respectable problem, and it quite over-matched all of his previous antagonists in the mechanical field; but he felt that if he could only figure it out, he could go away in the morning with fewer regrets.

By noon he had satisfied himself that the thing could be done without the help of the wrecking-train. He had solved the problem in theory, using the adjacent wall of the round-house for a blackboard; and he was finishing the conclusive diagram when Mr. Meacham, the master-mechanic, came by on his way to dinner.

"Hello, Jack; what's all this?" he asked.

Jack went dumb when he saw who it was, and stammered out something about trying to figure the engine out of its trouble.

"Figure it back on the iron?—well, you've made diagrams enough, if they'll do any good. Show me what you mean."

"Don't know as I can; Professor Rhodes says I never can explain anything, after I've done it. It seems to me just like

this——" and he began to unravel the tangle of figures and diagrams.

The master-mechanic followed him, carelessly at first, and then with increasing interest. When Jack came to the end, he said:

"You've gone all around Robin Hood's barn to prove two or three very simple things; but at the same time, those very simple things hadn't occurred to any of the rest of us. I don't know but the thing can be done; anyway, we'll try it, after dinner. Are you going up home?"

The master-mechanic lived just beyond the Brinton-Hoards, and on the way up-town, he learned more about Jack's peculiar bent than the boy had ever before told anyone.

At the judge's gate, Mr. Meacham paused to say, "Jack, my boy, you ought to be thankful; you've found out at the beginning of your life just what you are good for, and that is a great thing. Most of us have to blunder along through a good many years before we find out what we can do best."

"Don't do me any good," said Jack, bluntly; "I've got to be a lawyer."

"Is that what your father means to make of you?"

Jack nodded. "And I'm going away tomorrow to a school back East where they can make lawyers out of anything that comes along."

Mr. Meacham laughed and went on; and after a hasty luncheon, Jack hurried back to the railway yard. He was surprised to find the men already at work on the engine until he remembered that Mr. Meacham had a telephone; and while he was watching the preliminary blocking and wedging, the master-mechanic came down the yard, arm in arm with Judge Brinton-Hoard.

Jack saw them, and for a little while he succeeded in keeping the bulk of the big locomotive between himself and his father. Then the judge saw him and called him, and together they stood upon a pile of cross-ties and watched the demonstration of Jack's problem. Mr. Meacham stood near them, giving the necessary orders; and, as the work went on, Jack had the satisfaction of seeing that the master-

mechanic was following his plan in all of its important details. When the last pair of wheels dropped into place on the rails, Mr. Meacham turned to the judge.

"There, sir; that's as clever a bit of work as I ever saw, and the credit is Jack's, just as I told you. I was satisfied in my own mind, but I wanted you to see for yourself."

The judge did not reply, and now that the anxious interval was over, Jack remembered that his father had been silent and preoccupied from the first. Thinking it was the silence of disapproval, he held his peace on the way home; but when his father led him into the library and began to pace the floor with his hands clasped behind him, Jack understood, and immediately became as clay in the hands of the potter.

"Don't mind it, father—it's the last time, and I'm sorry I did it," he began, but the judge stopped him.

"You mustn't stultify yourself, my son; you know it's the proudest day of your life, and you think I ought to rejoice with you, but I can't."

Jack put his perplexity into words. "I don't understand what you mean," he said; and honestly, since he had not thought of taking praise to himself on account of the demonstrated problem.

"Not now, perhaps, but you will, some day, when you have to give up the thing you have set your heart upon. Ever since you were a little chap in knee-breeches, Jack, I've been planning for your future, because you are all I have—and now I've been made to see that these plans have to be given up."

In all his life, Jack had never seen his father so profoundly moved, and a loyal

spirit of self-abnegation prompted his reply.

"I won't disappoint you now, father; I'll go on and try my very best to do whatever you want me to."

The judge stopped in his walk and laid his hand on Jack's head.

"That was spoken like a brave lad, my son, but I mustn't let you outdo me in generosity. I am pretty sure now that between us we should spoil a good mechanic on the chance of making a poor lawyer, and that wouldn't do. Mr. Meacham has offered to take you into his office as soon as school closes, and I have decided to let you try it, if you want to."

A full heart ties the tongue quite as effectually as an empty one, and it was some little time before Jack could find the words to ask, "But mother—what will she say?"

The judge resumed his walk and a curious little smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"That remains to be seen, Jack, but I think you'd better leave the telling to me. Who knows but you may yet be able to make us both proud of you?"

It was some years afterward that Mrs. Brinton-Hoard visited Aunt Lascelles in New York.

"And Jack couldn't come with you, after all," said the aunt, when the greetings were over.

"No; and I was so disappointed. You know Jack's invention has made him quite famous, and he had to go to San Francisco to meet a party of mine owners who want to consult him as an expert. It was dreadfully provoking, and at the last minute, too, but we are very proud of Jack."





## IBSEN'S "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN"

BY VANCE THOMPSON

NEW YORK is not greatly interested in the serious drama. Its taste runs more to hothouse grapes and lobsters that change color as they die on a broiler, to singing girls and piano-players and cynic verse of Kipling—to anything rather than the serious drama. Rabelais pointed out that the Parisians were more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher. This peculiarity the Parisians still retain, though they share it with New Yorkers.

Under the circumstances it was rather daring to project a performance of Dr. Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman." In the first place, the venture was absolutely certain to be a financial failure. Ibsen is, in a way, the "evangelical preacher" of the modern drama. He is serious as a martyr. He has frankly admitted that he writes for our amendment, not our approbation. And so the problem was that of producing a play for which the public does not care—a play that would not draw a dollar to a regular theatre.

A half-dozen journalists and men of letters fancied the thing might be done. They were contributors to the *Criterion*, and in this way the "Criterion Independent Theatre" came into existence. The publisher of that journal paid all the expenses of the undertaking. Players were selected and the rehearsals were begun. All this, it might seem, was modest enough to escape criticism. Somehow or other, the mere announcement had the seismic effect of whistling "Croppies, Lie Down!" at Donnybrook fair. The managers of the regular playhouses were indignant. They discerned a sort of reproach in this attempt to give public performances of unpopular plays—independent of the box-office. The reproach seemed levelled at the class of plays they produced. It was as though some one had whispered to them that there

is a drama higher than that of Grundy and Pinero, of Paul Potter and Bisson. And the old-fashioned critics who had long been wedded to these dramatic ideals—those who see genius in Carton and art in Sardou—were equally gravelled. They belabored the demure little enterprise quite in the manner of Donnybrook. I bore a slight part in those storify first days of the Théâtre Libre in Paris, and I may assure you that it fared no worse than the Criterion Independent Theatre.

Fortunately hard words break no bones, and ridicule is no bad spur.

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The performance was given in Hoyt's little playhouse in West Twenty-fourth street. There was a specialized audience—an audience made up of those who find more æsthetic satisfaction in an Ibsen play than in a mule with bells or lobsters that change color as they die. Certainly, it was not an ideal performance. A play put on for one performance can hardly be expected to attain any high degree of perfection—if perfection may be relative—and the best that can be expected is an adequate presentation. The matinee at Hoyt's Theatre was a trifle more than adequate. In certain respects it was the most subtle and savant interpretation of Ibsen that has been given in New York.

The cast was:

|                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| John Gabriel Borkman..... | Mr. E. J. Henley     |
| Mrs. Borkman.....         | Miss Maude Banks     |
| Ella Rentheim.....        | Miss Anne Warrington |
| Foldal.....               | Mr. Albert Bruning   |
| Mrs. Wilton.....          | Miss Carrie Keeler   |
| Erhart Borkman.....       | Mr. John Blair       |
| Frida.....                | Miss Dorothy Usner   |
| The Maid.....             | Miss Parker          |

It is an interesting coincidence that while these players were creating the rôles in English a performance of "John Gabriel Borkman" in French was being given at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre in Paris.

"John Gabriel Borkman" belongs to Ibsen's third period, in which he has forsaken the antique symbolism and romance of "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "Emperor and Galilean," and the mysticism and rhetoric of "The Warriors of Helgeland" and "The Pretenders to the Crown" for the quotidian realism of "Hedda Gabler" and "Solness the Builder." Do you remember Ibsen's recantation? It is as epoch-making as Strindberg's famous preface to "Fröken Julie."

"We are no longer living in the time of Shakespeare," said Ibsen, and then he made his plea for "everyday and unimportant characters." One might amplify, I think, this statement into a fair, working theory of the Ibsenic drama. Unquestionably the human types in the Shakespearian drama were true to the day, frank in their realism and quite unidealized. And yet they are almost as far from our daily habits of life and thought as the masked figures of Greek tragedy. In other words, the realism of to-day is the idealism of to-morrow.

"The illusion I wish to produce," said Ibsen, "is that of truth itself; I want to produce upon the spectator the impression of actuality."

Shakespeare might have said it, or Sophocles, or any other realist.



And so the main quality in Ibsen's later work is its timeliness. He is on familiar terms with his Holiness, the Zeitgeist. He has a fine insight into the intellectual problems of the hour. No one has pointed out so clearly the danger of moral fervor—the dry-rot of social hypocrisy—the inadequacy of the present organization of society.

And all this he has done in a frugal, realistic way that Henri Becque might envy. In dramatic construction Ibsen shows us nothing new. He has turned the new wine of his observation into the old dramatic bottles of Dumas fils. A knowledge of this fact is essential, I think, to any clear understanding of Ibsen's work. You read a great deal of Ibsen's daring and unconventionality; as far as dramatic form is concerned this is sheer nonsense. Ibsen has simply transplanted the Dumasfiliat drama to the harsh soil of Norway. There, to be sure, the plant has borne strange flowers—gray, bitter, puritanic—but it is still Dumascan. In this opinion, I am glad to say, Mr. Bronson Howard coincides.

In the latter-day Ibsen, then—in "John Gabriel Borkman," for instance—you find the perfected French form of construction, a realism at once myopic and frugal, and—

Fortunately, you find as well a theory of life, or if you will, an intellectual problem. And it is this problem, the soul of the piece, that lifts the Ibsenic drama above that of Sardou, which excels it in technique, or that of Becque, which equals it in the rigor of its realism.

\* \* \*

The right of the individual is the chief thought of the age. More and more man is coming to believe that the right of the individual is greater than that of the state, the church and the family. To-day there is a new definition of "man's first duty"—it is to himself. Nietzsche has preached this doctrine in his rhapsodical pages; Ib-



sen has translated it into action. It is inevitable that such a doctrine should have its danger and its excess.

In "John Gabriel Borkman" Ibsen has pictured the very vertigo of individualism.

\* \* \*

John Gabriel is a Napoleon of finance, but "a Napoleon maimed in his first battle." He aimed at the financial conquest of his country; he would own the mines and factories, the shops and the ships, and all his wealth and all his power he would have used for the betterment of mankind. For this he sacrificed the woman who loved him and whom he loved; for this he married her sister, whom he did not love; and it was all in vain. His ambition overleaped itself. Ruin comes upon him, and even crime is futile. He is tried and sentenced. He leaves prison a broken and ruined man. He shuts himself up in his house. He sees no one; he broods; and the years go by. His wife, Gunhild, pays no heed to him. Sitting there in her dreary room, she has heard him pacing to and fro in his chamber overhead—back and forth like a sick wolf—and a dull hatred for this man who has wrecked her life has grown up in her. She has only one ambition, only one hope—that her son, Erhart, may blot out the shame his father has brought upon the family.

But Erhart has already found his way of life—the way of youth and love and selfishness; he is in love with Mrs. Wilton, a divorcée; he has no taste for heroisms; he asks only to "live his life." He pushes aside his mother's ambition. He will have no part in his aunt's gentle plans of sacrifice. He will not aid his father—the convict—in fantastic dreams of labor and rehabilitation. He demands happiness and love—the right to live his own life. Here are jangling personalities. Each tugs its own way. Each is urgent for its right as an individual. John Gabriel is a profound, incurable and undisguised egoist—he sees only his old beckoning dream of power; Erhart thrusts himself forward like a bull at his right to pleasure; Mrs. Wilton, a soft, warm woman, claims the right to love; Gunhild, bitter and strenuous, demands the right to redemption, and Ella Rentheim—very subtle are the ways in

which a woman's moral strength asserts itself—claims only the right to sacrifice herself. Each would break away from the common family life to lead the individual life.

Erhart and the light woman of his love go forth together. And John Gabriel Borkman—half-mad from prison and loneliness and failure and hope—rushes out into the storm that blows about the desolate house. Ella follows him. On the mountain-side, in the night, amid the flying snow, his old dreams come back to him—dreams that have all the semblance of magnificent realities. It is not true that he was "maimed in his first battle"—he conquered, winning glory and wealth and power; and in his vision he hears his workmen in the mines, sees his ships sailing the fjords, hears the myriad wheels humming in his factories. He is gripped by the splendor of the vision. He throws himself on the ground, hearing the metal singing to him in the earth—his gold crying to him from the mines—

He grovels there, mad now, dying, the cold at his heart. And Ella, whom he has



loved and sacrificed, leans over him and cries: "You have killed a soul and you

shall never enter into your kingdom, John Gabriel Borkman!"

"The Kingdom—and the Power—and the Glory," he whispers, and then death takes him.

\* \* \*

Individualism in vertigo.

John Gabriel freed himself from the claims of society and the family—he thrust aside love and honor, and beat down all the claims and compromises of humanity—he became himself, darkly, fiercely, rigidly himself; and the symbol is plain and forbidding as that of "Macbeth." As Shakespeare's symbol marked the vertigo of ambition, so does that of Ibsen mark the peril and vertigo of individualism.

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You may well imagine that a play of this strenuous order was not calculated to please the admirers of Potter and Bisson, and yet it pleased the specialized, and not

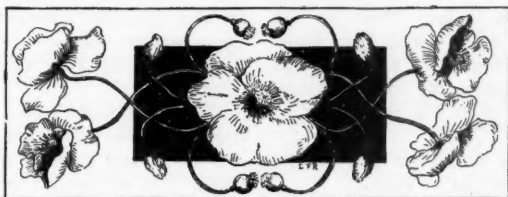
uncritical, audience of the Criterion Independent Theatre.

An even greater measure of success attended the production of Miss Maude Banks' version of "El Gran Galeotto," that masterpiece of the Spanish dramatist, Echegaray—and this in spite of the necessarily inadequate equipment of the Criterion Independent Theatre. That this great drama should have knocked in vain at the doors of the regular playhouses for fifteen years is, in itself, a justification of the new movement.

And what is to be the outcome of this dramatic experiment?

Like Balaam—that unwilling prophet—I prophesy only on compulsion.

It would be pleasant to think that in New York, as in Paris, a specialized audience might be formed, and that in the end even the general level of taste might be raised. That, however, is yet to be determined.



## THE CLAIM THAT TOOK DORLESKY

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

WHEN Dorlesky Breese announced her intention of starting west to "take up a claim," the first exclamation of her friends was that she surely must be crazy, which assertion they seconded by remarking resignedly that it was just like Dorlesky, anyway.

But Dorlesky did not mind their remarks in the least. They had said the

same thing when she refused to marry Widower Green, fifteen years before, and when she gave motherless little Bud Hanson a home, keeping him for ten years, till, having reached a useful age, his father appeared and claimed him. They said it when she started a poultry farm on her two-acre lot, when she went on her own accord and nursed the only case of small-

pox in the history of the village, and something very like it every time she befriended a wandering tramp, or spent her own money in what they considered a lavish way.

The village was just the size to be ministered to by one energetic woman, and, in return, to look after her personal affairs with much interest, and Dorlesky was the right woman in the right place. She was tall and slender, without being spare, comely, without being handsome, independent, without being overbearing, and helpful without being officious. She had a masterly way about her, and could nurse a sick child or pickle damson plums as easily as she could raise an obstreperous calf by hand, or mend a broken harness.

She patiently listened to all the exclamations of her friends, and as patiently answered their inquiries.

"I want to go for the change it will be. Of course, I am making money with my chickens, but you'll please remember that I've made money with everything I've handled. I'll leave them with Elder Bixby—the poor old man needs something extra just now, and he'll keep them on the shares, while I'll try the west for a while. Two acres and the hundred and sixty that the Kansas law allows me don't compare. When I'm tired of it I'll come back to you."

As Miss Breese locked her door for the last time she observed to herself:

"I'm tired of nursin' the same quinsy for Abby Law every winter, and talkin' to Uncle Jeb about the same knee, and sympathizin' with Widow Sparks about the same bad boy, and helpin' Sally Jones drive in the same vicious cow. It's time I had a change. I like to help heal broken heads and hearts, but I'll find 'em wherever I am, and they won't be the same I've always known, and folks won't be so thick. I want more blue sky and air."

By the time Dorlesky had reached the terminus of the railroad and started out in the stage wagon across the Kansas prairie, the effect of the blue sky and air had been such that she was registering a vow to remain in the land the rest of her days. It was April, and the tender green of spring was showing bravely in the grass,

short from the autumn prairie fires, in the rank of cottonwood trees that wound leisurely along the valley, following the narrow river, in the checkerboard effect of the fields of winter wheat and newly planted corn, where the settler had cast his lot. Houses were, for the most part, native brown sandstone, picturesque with its irregular tracing of white mortar, or of cottonwood logs that had whitened in the weather. Here and there in the hills she saw dugouts, the first home of the settler, set back in the hillside to the clay-thatched roof, with front wall of stone. The prosperous look of her Indiana home was wanting, but there was abundant promise. The vast stretches of unbroken prairie looked lonely, but where men worked in the fields they whistled cheerily, by the doors of dugouts sturdy children played, herds of cattle grazed over the new grass, and everything seemed rife with the prophecy of spring and of a prosperous future.

After much study of maps and records, Dorlesky settled on the particular "quarter-section" upon which she would file. It was level, and intersected at one side by a stream that was set down on the Coyote County map as "Second Fiddle Creek."

"Yes," she said to the young frontiersman who acted as her guide, as she sat on her horse and shaded her eyes with her hand, "this will suit me to a 'T.' I'll build my house right here by the section road, and the creek 'll be close, so my cows and pigs can have all the water they want, and I'll have my chicken yards right there. How come this land hasn't been taken before?"

"Well, ye see, Miss Breese," was the answer, "they ain't been people enough yit to spread over the country, that's all. This lan'll be vallyble some day, for the railroad's buildin' this way, an'll strike Coyote five miles back, an' ef the Lord'll only sen' rain, ther'll be a crop to market off this every year that'll mor'n pay fer the farm."

"An' why was this crick ever given such an outlandish name?"

"Well, ye see, Miss," was the answer, "the first settler on it wus Amos Fiddlejohn, who took up a claim on it where it



runs into the Big Salt river. He's bought up other land till he owns several hundred acres, an' joins yeur claim. He's a widower, an' a mighty fine man, an' so good to his six boys 'at he's got the name of Second Fiddle, an' thet way we got to callin' the crick so. Them boys don't let him call his soul his own 'bout the house," continued the young man, warming to his subject as they rode away, "an' ev'ry housekeeper he gits they drive off. They're a wild lot, frum the twins, thet's 'bout twelve er thirteen, to the baby thet's five er six. We'll prob'ly see them, fer our short cut back to Coyote leads past the house."

They were riding side by side under a row of cottonwood trees, toward a farmhouse that was notable to Dorlesky because it was the largest one they had seen in Coyote county—a house of brown sandstone, with roof of real pine shingles, and an air of roominess about it.

As they neared the door a violent commotion was heard within—the noise as of falling bodies striking the walls and floor, and of crashing tinware and crockery.

"Mercy me!" ejaculated Dorlesky; "let's hurry. Something terrible's a-happenin' in there."

"Don't be skeered, Miss," replied the guide, with a leisurely smile, "ye could've heard thet any day sence Secon' Fiddle's moved in here,, an' none o' his six boys 's been killed yet."

The door was thrown open with a slam, and, with shouts and cheers from the winning party, two boys flew through the air, driven by the catapultic force put forth by four other smaller ones, and landed in the yard, one sprawling, the other striking on his feet and keeping from falling only by a series of long, stumbling strides that carried him far down the road. The four boys in the door did not seem at all abashed at the sight of strangers, but stood, laughing and panting, with flushed faces and disheveled hair, looking at them with a quizzically frank gaze. Now, Dorlesky loved all young creatures, particularly children, and of children particularly boys, hence she entered at once with personal interest into the fracas on hand.

"Why, boys!" exclaimed she. "What made you act so, and who are those boys?"

"Oh, they're Pa-Daddy an' Ma-Daddy, an' they've been orderin' us roun', so we fired 'em," shouted one of the boys, at which the largest of the four poked him with an admonishing elbow.

"Shet ep, an' min' yer manners, Jam!" then to Dorlesky: "It's our twin brothers, Mam, Dick an' Nick, but Amos (that's father) leaves 'em to watch us, so we calls 'em Pa-Daddy an' Ma-Daddy, an' they was gettin' bossy, so we had to settle 'em. They has to be settled quite offen."

"And what is your name?" asked she, looking down from her saddle, with a twinkle in her eye.

"John Fiddlejohn, Mam," was the answer, with a bobbing little bow, at which Jam piped out, "Yes, but we calls him Deekin, 'cause he's so all-killin' prim an' p'lite 'fore strangers." At which another nudge and a sharp "Shet ep, Jam!"

"An' why are you called Jam?" asked Dorlesky, turning to the irrepressible youngster.

"'Cause they can't keep no jam 'roun' where I am, an'"—

The information was cut short by a yell from the rest.

"Oh-e-ee-ee! Here comes Pa-Daddy and Ma-Daddy; rush 'em!" And a wild charge swept past the visitors, bearing down the older boys, who had been creeping slyly toward the house. The six went down in a disordered heap, from which many shouts and screams went up. Dorlesky looked at the boys and laughed softly; she caught a glimpse of the interior through the open door, where furniture, cooking utensils and crockery were mingled in confusion. Then she looked at her guide and laughed again.

"It's a shame!" she said. "They're such good-lookin', jolly boys, only so uncared for. I'm goin' to stop an' stay awhile with 'em. I can get acquainted an' help straighten up things, an' be started back long before their poor ol' father comes back. Don't wait for me. I can find my way back, an' I'm used to boys an' to settlin' their fights."

Her suggestion was in such evident good faith that the young man acted upon it at once and went, smiling a queer smile that, mercifully, was hidden from her by the

back of his head. She jumped from her horse and spoke to the heaving mass on the ground.

"Boys, I'm goin' to stay an' visit awhile—I intend to take the quarter-section east of you an' 'll be your neighbor, so I might as well get acquainted with you."

In consternation the group separated into its fundamental parts, and six heads, more tousled than ever, tilted quizzically at her.

"But I don't think ye'd better, fer them young ones've tore up things so"—began Pa-Daddy.

"No, ye reely better not, to-day," added Ma-Daddy, in apparent kindness, in spite of seeming inhospitality.

"Well, ye won't fin' any jam," vouchsafed Jam; "fer I et it all, an' thet's how this fight started."

Deacon rose to the occasion, and bowed his best bow. "We'd be pleased ter hev yer visit us, ma'am. Shet ep, can't ye?" This last to the others.

"Oh, goody! goody!" shouted the youngest of the six, as he executed a wild war dance. "She's big 'nough ter lick Pa-Daddy an' Ma-Daddy. Less ax her ter!" while the Kid, next older, and as yet unheard from, stepped to the front to ask appealingly, "Please, kin ye make cussard pie?"

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed Dorlesky, genially. "Sech boys! But I'll try to take you in turn. Pa-Daddy an' Ma-Daddy, it's jest because things is tore up that I'm goin' to stay, to help set 'em to rights, so one of you tie my horse, an' the other fix your kitchen fire, for I want to show this boy that I can make good custard pie, an' Jam, you'll be satisfied with that, I think, an' you, littlest feller, I'm big enough to whip your brothers, but I don't want to—they've had more'n they deserve, I'll venture, from you folks, an' Deacon, I'm obliged to you, I'm sure, for your politeness. An' now, let's get to work."

The house had been built from comfortable plans, and was well-furnished, yet was not homelike because of the six misrulers who disported themselves therein. Chairs, broken of back or legs, had been mended but to be broken anew; even the heavy walnut table had one of its legs bandaged

with cottonwood splints; the clock, a substantial affair, lacked the pendulum and one hand. "Snooks—he's the baby, ye know—took it to pieces, an' when Pa-Daddy tried to make him stop he threw the penjelem at him, an' it went down the well," explained Deacon, when Dorlesky wanted to know the time.

Dorlesky was in her element, a house to clean and six boys to help her. They were a rollicking lot, from the twins down to five-year-old Snooks,—boys so much alike, with their blue eyes and sunburned flaxen hair, that they seemed to differ only in size,—an irresponsible family, taking everything as a rough and tumble joke, and just the kind to suit Dorlesky. Bud Hanson, whom she had kept for ten years, had been a precise child, with a falsetto voice, and hair that at night still kept the marks of the morning's comb. A good boy, as Dorlesky told herself, with an accent on the adjective that might lead one to consider it a reprehensible title. Here, however, were boys that she understood, and responded to from the depths of her warm, impulsive nature. They worked energetically while the living rooms were being cleared, and, later, stood about her while she deftly worked the paste for the pies. The six heads bobbed in and out of the light, and once or twice two or three of them went down in a kitten-like scuffle on the floor, but such bouts did not last, on account of their interest in the pies.

"We've had eight housekeepers since Amos brought us here," remarked Ma-Daddy, admiringly, as Dorlesky took her pies from the oven, "an' they wasn't one of 'em like you, or we wouldn't 've fired 'em. They scolded, an' made us clean our feet, an' wouldn't make no pie at all, an' that set Kid 'gainst 'em, an' Jam didn't like 'em fer they said plain bread an' butter's good 'nough fer boys; but you, now, seem to understan' boys, an' they're worth it, so Amos says."

"Amos is a mighty good feller, I tell yer," put in Jam. "We never fire him."

"'Rah for Amos!" shouted Snooks and Kid in chorus, for which Deacon shook them.

"I'll set the pies here on the window to cool, an' then you can put 'em on the table, boys," said Dorlesky; "an' now I'll be



goin', an' when your father comes, tell him one of your neighbors has been in to give you a lift. There's Saratoga potatoes an' a big loaf of sponge cake fer a change, an' when I get over on my farm you're to come an' see me, an' maybe I can give you other lifts now an' then."

She was rolling down her sleeves and brushing out her dress as she talked, when Amos Fiddlejohn came hurriedly around the corner of the house, with an anxious look on his face. He stopped suddenly in the door, looking wonderingly at her, with the older boys grouped about her, while Kid and Snooks were lost in ecstatic contemplation of the supper table. As his shadow fell across the floor Dorlesky looked up in surprise. There was no coquettishness about this capable woman, and her glance met his unshamed.

"I suppose you're Mr. Fiddlejohn," she said, politely. "I'm Dorlesky Breese, from Indianny. I'm goin' to take the quarter-section east of you, an' when I passed this afternoon on my way to Coyote, things seemed so tore up that I stopped to give the boys a lift. I didn't suppose you'd stop work till supper, so counted on gettin' away before you come."

"Yes," put in Jam, excitedly; "she rode up jest as we hed to fire Pa-Daddy an' Ma-Daddy, an' she pulled us out of a Dutch heap in the yard an' made us some custard pie!"

"I'm very glad to know ye, Miss Breese," said Amos, in his deep, kind voice, ignoring Jam's interruption, "an' thank ye kindly for stoppin' with my boys. I don't usually come to the house in the afternoon, for I kin hear their racket when I turn the corner next the house, but the last three or four roun's I hain't heard any slammin' or yellin', an' I thought some harm must've come to 'em. I reely think it's the first time they've been quiet sence their mother died, five year ago, only at night, an' then they fight over the cover an' thump each other. I wish I'd known they was safe, so I could've enjoyed the quiet."

"They've been good as gold with me," responded Dorlesky, genially, "an' I hope they'll come over an' see me often. But I must hurry back, so one of you get my horse, while I put on my hat."

The boys trooped out in a body, leaving Amos and Dorlesky alone. He was awkward and embarrassed, but to her, who had known years of ministering to the widowed and the orphan, it was the most natural thing in the world to stop by the wayside and befriend a family of motherless children. She eyed him sharply, but, though she admired his heroic size, his kind blue eyes and broad forehead, it was in an unconscious, impersonal way.

"You've a nice farm, Mr. Fiddlejohn," said she briskly; "yes, an' a nice lot of boys, too, but they need to be set to work. Now, if you could jest get them interested in takin' care of chickens, or pigs, or pigeons, something alive, you know, they won't have so much time left for mischief."

"You're reel kind, Miss Breese," replied Amos, gratefully, "an' the idee's a good one. Them boys are good hearted, but they've awful legs an' lungs, an' jest about wear me out; fer all I can't lose patience with the little fellers"—

Here the boys in question entered the house, fresh from a secret conclave outside. They presented a phalanx of determination, as Pa-Daddy and his twin placed their backs firmly against the door. Deacon had evidently been chosen spokesman of the occasion, but Jam, the Kid and Snooks were so full of the subject that they danced about him in excitement and would not let him begin.

"Amos an' Miss Breese," he began at last, with an inimitable bow, "we've made up our minds"—

"Yes, sir!" ejaculated Snooks, hopping wildly on one foot. "We's made up our minds"—

"Shet ep, Snooks!" reprimanded Deacon. "We've made up our minds—that—it's—that we—we want a change"—

"Aw, hurry up, Deekin!" said Jam, disgustedly; "ye primp 's if yeh had all day to say it in."

"Looky here!" fired up Deacon, "didn't you fellers vote to let me do the pupposin'? Stop yer chippin' in."

"Boys!" thundered Amos, scenting mischief in the last remark. "What are you hatchin'?"

"We want ye to marry her!" shrieked the six voices in a broadside that was fol-

lowed by a running fire from each in turn.

Pa-Daddy—"Ye know ye need some one to take care of ye, Amos."

Ma-Daddy—"An' we can't keep these youngsters straight any longer."

Deacon—"Amos, these boys 's got to have some one ter teach 'em manners."

Jam—"It's so much comfortabler not ter eat jest bread an' butter."

Snooks—"Cussard pie ev'ry day! Rip, rip, 'rah!"

Kid—"We'll clean our feet an' butten our faces fer her all right. *Rah!*"

All (executing a wild war dance)—"Rip, Rip, Ra-a-y!"

"Boys!" thundered Amos again, starting to his feet. "Is this the reespect ye show to a lady that's been kin' to ye? The idee o' ye cuttin' up this a-way, an' a plaguin' her to death."

"But we're dead in earnest, Amos," said Deacon, "an' wouldn't 've said this, only that we ree-spec' Miss Breese."

"For the lan' sake!" gasped Dorlesky. Widower Green, Joe Bixby, Tom Jewett had proposed to her without upsetting her faculties, but in the face of this astonishing siege she was gasping and blushing. "I—I—reely must be goin' now. Don't come out, Mr. Fiddlejohn, I can get my own horse. An' don't scold these harum-scarum boys, neither; fer it's jest a trick of theirs."

As she moved toward the door there was a scuffle and six backs were planted against it.

"Speak up, Amos, like a man," pleaded Pa-Daddy, "we can't let her go."

"We ain't goin' ter let her go!" wailed the others wildly.

Amos slowly faced the boys and spoke to them, his voice full of trouble.

"Listen, children. How can I ask Miss Breese what you want I should, with nothin' to offer her but a man soft enough to be ruled by a pack of rude boys, an' then 'xpect her to take the care of them same boys? What's a big farm like mine against the work it'd take to keep it up? I'm ignerunt myself, so no bright woman would care for me, an' though I love ye so much that I can put up with yer little didoes, I can't ask no woman to take the care o' ye. Secon' Fiddle Crick ain't no

place fer a smart woman like she is, an', anyway, it'd be insultin' her to ask her what ye want me to, when she don't know me not better than she does, even though I'm beginnin' to feel pritty near as bad about her goin' as you do. Now, stan' aside, p'litely, an' let her go."

The boys were stilled by their father's tone, and for a second after he finished no one looked at Dorlesky—indeed, her voice first called their attention.

"Boys," she began, so huskily that her own ears almost belied her, "your father's right, but I'll say this: If it turns out that, after awhile, he wants to ask me what you told him, I'll listen. an', maybe, say what you want me to."

Amos wheeled and faced her, his bronzed face flushed, his blue eyes alight as they looked into her shining brown ones, and took her hands.

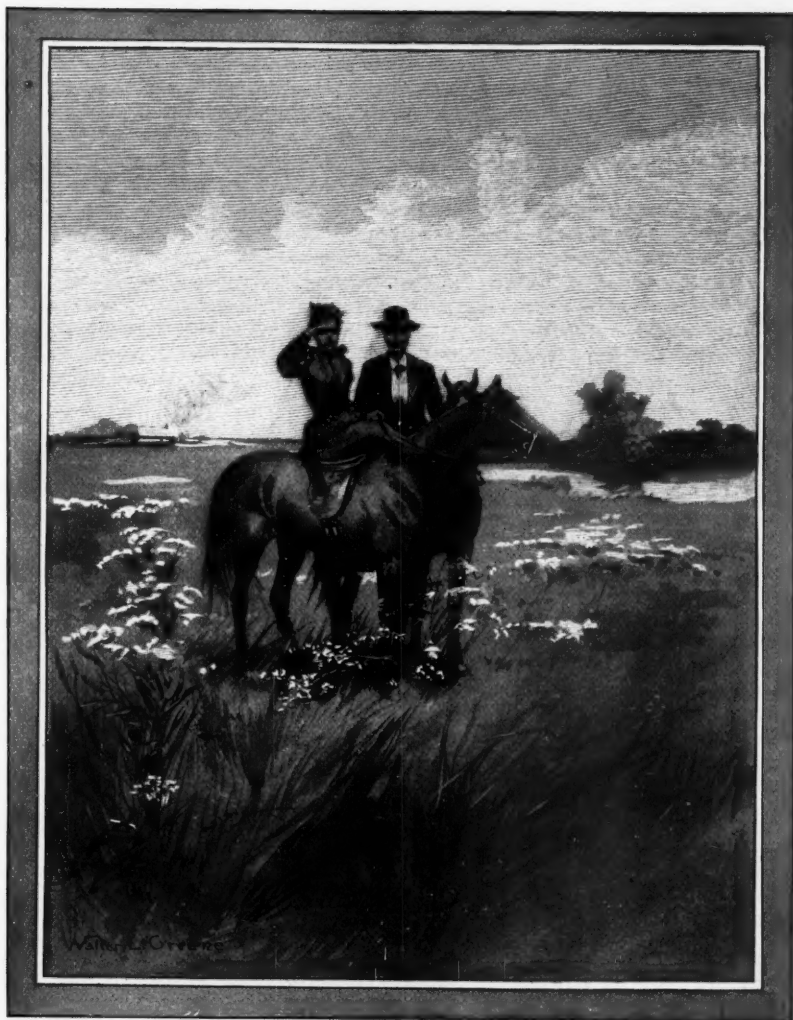
"Why, Miss Breese! Ye make me feel like one of my own boys. You're the first woman I've seen since I was left alone thet I've felt so about, an' I did about you the minute I come to the door an' see your face. I'm willin' to be took on probation. Why, my heart seems to be singin' one of them bubblin' tunes of the medlark's, an'"—

Here his rhapsody was cut short by a series of wild shrieks, as the boys, realizing what was transpiring, flung themselves on their father in an ecstasy.

"My land!" soliloquized Dorlesky, with a little laugh, as she rode toward town, cooling her burning cheeks in the evening breeze. "I come to Kansas to take a claim, an' here, on my first day out, I've let one take me—yes, seven of them!"

"I tell ye, boys," mumbled Jam ecstatically, at supper, "we fellers didn't make no mistake pupposin' to her 'fore we'd sampled her cookin', this custard pie's as good as it looked!"

The quarter-section east of the Fiddlejohn farm was taken, but not by Dorlesky Breese. It is in the name of Dorlesky Fiddlejohn, having come to her as a wedding present. Amos fondly declares that he still deserves the name of Second Fiddle, as he plays it to Dorlesky's first, while the six boys form an enthusiastic orchestral accompaniment to the first and second, so well have they been tamed.



DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE.

"YES," SHE SAID TO THE YOUNG FRONTIERSMAN WHO ACTED AS GUIDE; AS SHE SHADED HER EYES WITH HER HAND, "THIS SUITS ME TO A 'T'".— PAGE 124.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SALVATION ARMY "FARM COLONY" IN CALIFORNIA.

## BACK TO THE LAND

OR THE FARM COLONIES OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BY FREDERICK DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

THE lapsed masses of the great cities have been for the past century one of the principal studies of the statesman and puzzles of the philanthropist. For some time past the conviction has been forcing itself upon the public mind that the present system of dealing with these vast aggregations of human poverty and misery must be radically altered, if we are to hope to wipe out this blot upon the annals of modern Christendom.

For many years we, in America, were able, like Lucretius' famous spectator, to calmly view the storm-tossed troubles of others, secure in our own immunity from the danger. This is no longer the case. Year after year we are more and more pressingly reminded that the Gaul of pov-

erty is thundering at our gates, and that it behooves us to guard against his further inroads upon the welfare and prosperity of our national life.

The only rational answer to the problem of what we are to do with the surplus labor of our great cities seems to be God's own remedy—as old as the Garden of Eden—that of putting them back upon the land.

When a poor man comes to society with empty hands and pleads for a chance of being able to earn an honest living without being subjected to the degradation of having the brand of pauperdom or criminality placed upon him, he makes what is obviously a very reasonable request.

What is society to do? She cannot, on the one hand, allow him to starve. She

must not, on the other hand, foster in him habits of idleness. Still less must she afford him a livelihood by robbing others of it, and reducing them to the same miserable plight.

And yet this is just what society has been doing in the past. The pauper system of civilized countries is as unphilosophical and unmethodical as it can well manage to be. It refuses to help at all, as a rule, except on condition of the home and family being broken up. It teaches habits of idleness, or enforces an unfair and unequal competition with outside labor, and it thereby aggravates the evil which it seeks to combat.

The proof of this is to be seen in every civilized country in the world. The result of it is the *rapid and alarming* increase of the pauper element. To this there has been absolutely no exception where the usual system has been



COMMISSIONER FREDERICK ST. GEORGE DE LATOUR TUCKER.  
Head of the American Branch of the Salvation Army.



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MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

adopted. What is more, there can be none. The taxpayer may as well make up his mind to the inevitable increase of the annual tribute he will be compelled to pay to the Moloch of Poverty.

If this were necessary,—if there were no alternative,—if it were impossible to find any system which gave promise of permanent relief, it would only remain for us to bow to the exigencies of a cruel fate, and content ourselves with such palliatives as lay within our reach. If a man's days are numbered, there is nothing for him but to draw up his will and to die as game as possible under the painful circumstances. Just so with society.

But such is far from being the case. Here, at our very doors, especially in America, Nature has provided us with a remedy as efficacious as it is simple.

Society has a right to say to the workless poor: "This do and

'thou shalt live. You cannot get your support in the city, therefore we insist upon your going back to the land, until you are able to achieve your own self-support. You shall do so under skilled and competent guidance. We will protect you from being exploited by those who de-

and I think it will be seen at a glance how thoroughly feasible is the plan proposed.

It is alleged, first of all, that the people in the city will be unwilling to return to the land. Our experience goes far to prove the contrary. Without any special effort on our part (I refer to the Salvation Army),



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Photograph taken after he had spent a night in one of the ten-cent lodging houses.

sire to fatten upon your miseries. But since you cannot obtain your living in the city, and we are unwilling to place you in competition with the self-supporting toiler there, you must go back to the country, where you can at least grow the food you and your family require to eat."

Let us examine for a moment the objections that may be raised to such a course,

more than 1,000 families, consisting of 5,000 souls, have placed themselves at our disposal to be sent forth. Moreover, it is admitted that, after the panic of 1873, some four millions of our population moved out of the cities of their own accord and took up land, some 250,000 new farms being started. Besides, if society has a right to break up families, and lock up the destitute





SUPPER-TIME FOR THE CHICKENS.



THE COLONISTS AT DINNER.

in semi-penal institutions, surely society must have a right to exercise and enforce this moderate amount of coercion on the helpless poor.

As a second consideration, it is alleged that if they go, they will be helpless through their ignorance of agriculture. This, too, is a mistake. From 50 to 90 per cent. of our applicants from the cities have had an agricultural training. Let these be sent first, and they will make room for the others whom they leave behind.

Again, it is stated that agriculture does not pay. This, too, is a mistake. Intensive agriculture of the sort contemplated does pay in every part of the world where the

poor man has any chance of owning the soil and getting a living out of it. This has always been the case. It is God's own plan. The large estate, which separates the laborer from the soil and prevents him from obtaining the fruits of his labor, is quite a different thing. It is this latter which has failed, and not agriculture.

The last argument is, will they work? Undoubtedly they will. Do they not do so already under the most unhealthy conditions and for

the barest pittance, when the fruit of their toil is largely to go to others?

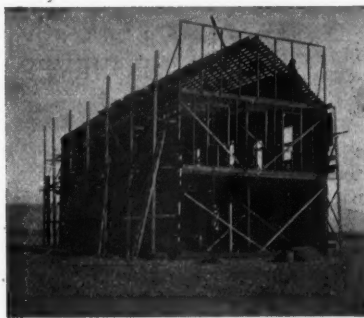
True, this exodus from the Egypt of slumdom must be conducted under wise and careful oversight. But science, as well



THE TEN-HORSE PLOW.



STARTING FOR THE COLONY.

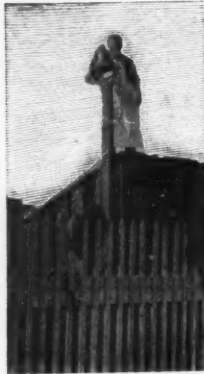


COLONY STORE NOW BEING BUILT.

as religion, have both surely made sufficient progress since the days of Moses to sweep aside the Red Seas and Jordans which may at present interpose themselves between the poor man and the paradise to which we would fain lead him forth!

Already, in California, we have made a small commencement with some twenty families, consisting of 100 souls, which is brimful of promise of success. Under the able piloting of our devoted officers, with the cordial backing and coöperation of an influential citizens' committee, rapid progress has already been made, at a cost which is merely nominal. Another colony is under contemplation in Colorado, under auspices of an even more favorable character. Invitations and openings have poured in upon us from all directions, almost unsought. And in my opinion we are on the threshold of a new era, which shall render unnecessary the revolution of blood which some have been driven to picture as the only way out for society from the dreadful chaos to which it seems rapidly drifting.

Contrast, for a moment, this system of dealing with the lavish sums of money at present expended on a plan as hopeless, according to the dictum of its own exponents, as it is unphilosophic. It is calculated that our pauper and benevolent and



THE DINNER BELL

criminal institutions cost this country not less than \$50,000,000 annually for the maintenance of some three million paupers. Let this same sum be expended in purchasing land and settling people on it at a liberal calculation of \$500 per family. You will then remove annually 500,000 persons from the overcrowded cities to the land. Your money will still be there. The enormously enhanced value of the land on which you place them will be an absolute security for the repayment of both capital and interest. Each year your position

will improve, your taxes diminish, and the people who were left behind be relieved of the terrible and increasing incubus which now crushes the very life out of them.

What remains? Nothing but *Action*,—*Prompt Action*,—*United Action*,—the union of labor, land and capital, to wipe out this painful stigma from our national honor, conscience and prosperity. Carried out under religious and philanthropic leaders, destitute of any sordid motives of gain, I can predict for such a scheme nothing but success, while through the vista of help and hope I see the angel of salvation stepping lightly from door to door with her gospel of peace and good will to these now sad and sorrow-burdened toilers of our day,—who are none the less our fellow citizens and brethren!

## FOREVER IF NEED BE

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

### PART SECOND \*

THE little shoemaker found that the burden he had been asked to assume would be no light one. The sister-in-law, whom he had never seen, he found to be a weak, vain woman, fond of show and idleness, and before he had been with her a week, he knew that he was expected

to earn a living for the whole family. She seemed to think it was no more than he ought to do. "It's a good thing for a man to work for others," she said. "If he has no one but himself to look out for, he soon gets terribly selfish." Poor Billy listened to this in silence, but he could not help

\*This story in two parts appears in the April and May numbers.

wonder if she failed to recognize the existence of selfishness in her own shallow character.

The oldest child was ten, but he was the most helpless one of the four. Some accident had befallen him when a baby, and left him a cripple, physically and mentally. He seemed, when Billy first came into his life, to care for nothing but to sit in the sunshine and feel its warmth. When spoken to he would lift a face that had but the faintest gleam of intelligence in it. Sometimes he would shrink as if expecting a blow, if he saw his mother near him, and Billy saw, in his silent, observant way, that the poor thing was unused to kindness at her hands, and because he pitied the child he sought to make his life more pleasant by speaking to him, and trying to make him understand that he, at least was his friend. It was not long before the boy learned to watch for his coming, and to greet him, when he came, with a welcome somewhat akin to that a dog gives his master, though showing far less intelligence than the animal.

The little shoemaker rented a shop and went to work bravely. He would not break in upon the little store of money he had laid by if it could be helped. That was for Ruth and himself in their old age. He had laid it by, dollar by dollar, thinking always, as he added to the sum, "Part of this is Ruth's. If she does not share it now, she will by and by," and so it had come to seem a sum set apart for a sacred purpose, almost, and nothing but direst necessity should oblige him to use a dollar of it for any other purpose than that for which it had been put by.

Three years went by, brightened at inter-

vals by a brief, quiet, unromantic letter from the woman he loved. But in spite of the lack of romantic element in them, they were to him the sweetest, dearest letters ever written. They said but little;—they would not have been like Ruth if they had said much;—but between the lines he read the true, patient, faithful heart that could feel what it could not express in words, and it was the unexpressed but understood which made the letters seem so eloquent with steadfast love.

At the end of the third year, tidings came that Ruth's mother was dead. The first

thought that came to him, after reading it, was that there was only one thing, now, to keep him and Ruth apart—her father. Then a kind of guilty feeling came over him and he accused himself of selfishness that had an element of heartlessness in it. He felt that he ought to sorrow with Ruth for her loss, instead of thinking of it as he did. But the thought that they were nearer to

each other and the happiness they had been waiting for for so many years would rise, in spite of all, and make his heart beat faster with the guilty pleasure of it.

Then three more years went by before any important change came, during which he toiled at his bench from daylight to darkness, working hard to keep comfortable the family whose support had been thrust upon him. Sometimes he felt almost discouraged at the magnitude of the task, which became heavier as the children became larger, and bitterly rebellious thoughts would rise in spite of efforts to keep them down. He began to feel old. He felt that life was slipping swiftly away, and the happiness he had looked forward



DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE.

"AT SUCH TIMES HE WOULD LAY HIS HEAD DOWN  
UPON HIS HANDS AND CRY LIKE A WOMAN."

to for more years than he dared reckon, was still out of reach. Sometimes it seemed as far away as ever, and at such times the poor little shoemaker would lay his head down upon his hands and cry like a woman. Then reaction would come, and he would force his trouble back to the secret place in his heart, and lock the door upon it, and by and by he would seem cheerful as ever, but all the while he was thinking of what might be if—

The change of which I have spoken as coming at this time was one that seemed likely, at first thought, to offer him his freedom, and help clear the way before him. A suitor for his sister-in-law's hand appeared upon the scene. "If she marries again there will be nothing to keep me here," he thought. "Then I can go back to the old home—and to Ruth," and at these times, when the prospect of a return to Brantford seemed possible, such a longing for old faces and old associations would come over him that he realized how homesick he had been, all along.

"I—I want to have a little talk with you," his sister-in-law said to him, one day.

He sat down, prepared to listen to what she had to say, while his heart beat fast at the thought that perhaps freedom was about to be offered him.

"I—I suppose you've seen,—that is, you may have surmised,—that Mr. Ward came here for— for— an especial purpose," she said, trying to put on a look of maiden modesty and confusion.

Billy nodded.

His sister-in-law saw that he was not going to ask any questions to help her out with her tender confession, so she abandoned the role of maiden modesty and came to the point in a very direct, matter-of-fact way.

"Mr. Ward asked me to marry him last night."

"And you will do so—"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I haven't given him an answer yet. I couldn't tell till I had talked with you. It— it depends on you."

"On me?" Billy wondered what she meant. "I'm sure I have no objections. It's a matter for you to decide."

"But you don't understand," she said, beginning to be ill at ease under his questioning scrutiny. "You see— there's Hugh."

Billy was conscious of putting out a hand and catching at the table to prevent himself from falling. His breath came short and fast. It seemed as if his heart was going to stop beating. In those two words,—*"there's Hugh,"*—he understood what was coming, with terrible certainty.

"Mr. Ward is willing to take the other children, but— he doesn't feel like taking Hugh because— because he isn't just right, you know," she went on to explain, while her face grew red beneath his gaze, as some sense of shame stirred beneath the shallow surface of her mind. "It's natural he should feel so, I suppose, as he's not his child."

"But he's your child," Billy said hoarsely. "Would you give him up to others to care for—"

His voice had a stern, harsh sound of accusation in it, born of the contempt he felt for her, and the pain that was so keen at heart as he realized the new demand that was to be made upon him.

"I don't see how you can blame me," she said. "I'm a poor woman, with a family on my hands, and it's my duty to see that they're provided for. I can't support them, you know that. I like Mr. Ward, but you must not think I'm consulting my own feelings in the matter, altogether. I'm thinking of the children, and of you. It's too much to expect you to keep on doing as you have since you've been here, till the children are large enough to take care of themselves. You see, I'm not so selfish as perhaps you think."

"There's no use in beating about the bush," said Billy, utterly ignoring her pretence of regard for him. "What is it you want me to do? Tell me, and be done with it."

"I don't see how you can blame me, I really don't for if you were in my place—" she began; but Billy stopped her by getting up as if to go. At the door he paused and said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"I thought perhaps you'd take Hugh," she said, desperately. "There's no one else



DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE.

"AT NIGHTFALL OF THE SECOND DAY HE REACHED BRANTFORD. HE MADE NO STOP  
AT THE VILLAGE STATION."



who'd be likely to, and he thinks more of you than any one else."

"Let me be sure that I understand you," Billy said, and his voice seemed hard and cold in his own ears. "Mr. Ward will marry you, provided Hugh can be got rid of. And you want me to help along your matrimonial plan by agreeing to take him. Is that it?"

"I think you're very hard on me," she said, beginning to cry again. "I know you're under no obligation, though he's your brother's child, but I thought maybe you'd be willing to take him, knowing how things stand. It's different from what it would be if you had a family, you see. There's nobody but yourself,—and there's the other children to consider."

"Then I am to understand, am I, that this marriage depends on my taking Hugh off your hands? In other words, that Mr. Ward will take you, without him, but is not willing to do so with him?"

"He doesn't think he ought to," she answered. "He thought he could be put in an asylum, but I could not bear to think of that! If you had him I shouldn't worry the least about him, because I know you'd be kind to him, and he likes you."

"Let me think about it," Billy said.

He went to his shop and locked the door of it behind him, and sat down to think it over. \* \* \* He seemed to see Ruth. She stood on the hill-summit where they parted. She seemed to have climbed it, on her way to the valley at its farther side. At the top she paused, and looked back at him. "I have waited for you so long," she said, "so long!" Then she waved her hand to him, and faded away like a mist of the morning. \* \* \* So the dream of his life seemed fading as he sat there, thinking, thinking, thinking. He sat there until night closed in. He sat there long after darkness hid all things. When he got up, his brain whirled with the tumult of thought in it. He felt dizzy, blind.

"Ruth," he said brokenly, "you said you'd wait forever if need be. I think your waiting will be forever. I wonder how it will be in Heaven?"

When he went back to his sister-in-law's, late that evening, Hugh sat by the fire, waiting for him. He had been waiting for

hours. The poor, pitiful little face that was lifted to his with such a wistful look of welcome in it, cut him to the heart. The boy crept across the floor to meet him, and got hold of his hand, and put his face against it in a sort of dumb caress that brought the tears to Billy's eyes.

"Poor Hugh," he said. The boy laughed to hear his name spoken by the man who was kinder to him than his father had ever been.

"Good Billy," he said. "Hugh likes Billy."

The poor little shoemaker shrank away from the child as if he had been dealt a heavy blow. Hugh seemed to think he had done something wrong, and was blamed for it, and began to cry in that pitiful way of his that made one feel as if he realized how he was shut out from the lives of others. To-night, it touched Billy's heart as it never had before. The boy stood between him and his freedom, but the knowledge of this could not make him cruel or even unkind to the poor lad. He stooped down and put his arms about him, and the boy, feeling that he was taken back into Billy's favor, clung to him in an ecstasy of delight, fondling his hands, and mumbling over unintelligible words expressive of affection.

The boy had, innocently, done what his mother had set out to do. Billy could not desert him. He would stay,—and wait, and hope, though it was like hoping against hope, for some way out of the toils of fate.

In less than a month after that, Mrs. Hart was married and went to a new home, and Billy and Hugh were left alone.

A week later came a letter from Ruth, telling him that her father was dead.

How near to the dreamed-of happiness of a lifetime he had been! Had it not been for his own act he might have grasped it, but fate, in her cruel irony had made him the instrument of his own defeat.

Hugh seemed to feel, as he watched Billy reading his letter, that something had happened. He crept to him, and laid his head against his knee, and kept saying, "Hugh likes Billy, Hugh likes Billy," in a way that was almost maddening to the man who had given up so much for his sake.



That summer seemed a year long, filled, as it was, with indecision and uncertainty and suspense. "What shall I do?" Over and over this question kept ringing its changes in Billy's brain. Could he take this child and go back to Brantford and ask Ruth, who was just rid of one burden, to assume another? He knew very well that the burden would not grow lighter with years, for there was no prospect of improvement in poor Hugh. He might

in the warm autumn sunshine, happy at being near Billy. Once in a while he would go a little way down the street, but any unusual noise or bustle frightened him back to his favorite seat in the doorway.

One day Billy forgot all about him. He was busy with his unsolved problem. When he came back to a consciousness of what was going on about him, he missed Hugh. He went to the door and looked up and down the street, but could see nothing of



DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE

"WHEN HE WAS HALF WAY UP THE PATH THE DOOR OF THE LITTLE COTTAGE OPENED AND A FLOOD OF RADIANCE STREAMED OUT INTO THE NIGHT."

live to be an old man, but he would always remain the same helpless creature he was now. "I can get along with him," Billy told himself, "but have I any right to ask her to try to? She refused to let me help her when she had a burden to bear. Ought I, then, to ask her to share mine?"

The summer waned, and still he debated the question with himself. Then fate took the matter in hand.

He would take Hugh to the shop with him, and all day long the boy would sit

him. No one seemed to have seen the boy.

Then a search for him began, and by and by they found him in the little river that ran through the village, with such a peaceful look in his face that Billy could not help but feel that in some strange way poor Hugh had come into possession of a happiness he could never have known in life.

Then, all at once, like a lightning flash, came the thought that at last he was free.

What could come into his life, now, to

keep him and Ruth apart? A wild longing came over him to be gone from the place that seemed a prison to him. It seemed as if he could not wait for poor Hugh's burial. "Ruth, I am coming!" he would cry out, and it seemed as if she must hear him, a thousand miles away. "I am coming!"

Hugh was buried on the afternoon of a bright, still October day. When the earth was heaped above the little grave, and the last rite of burial performed, Billy went home and began to get ready for his journey. And that night saw him on his way to Brantford. Nothing could have induced him to wait till morning.

"Coming, coming, Ruth," he kept saying over and over again. The words seemed to set themselves to the rumble of the wheels, and all that night his brain was filled with a music sweeter than ever the strains of a symphony sounded in the soul of a Beethoven. "Coming!" "Coming!"

Every sudden or unusual sound startled him. He fancied the train was crashing through a bridge, or leaving its track. Danger seemed lying in wait for him, and he could not rid himself of the terrible foreboding that something was to happen to him before his journey ended.

But nothing happened, and at nightfall of the second day he reached Brantford. He made no stop at the village station. If any one he knew was there, he was not conscious of the fact. He saw no one. Once he looked toward his old home, then he went down the familiar street with swift feet, and struck out into the open country. How often he had walked this way with Ruth. Here he had gathered wild roses for her. There he had showed her a robin's nest. How it all came back to him to-night. Near the top of the hill he saw the white stones of the village cemetery gleaming white and ghost-like through the moonlight, and he was dimly conscious of a dark heap of earth a little way back from the road, and the thought came to him, in a vague way, that perhaps some old friend had lately been buried there.

On the hill-summit he paused and looked into the valley. He could see Ruth's house, in the shadow. A light shone in its window. He reached the hilltop. Then he

paused and looked down into the valley. At the end of the old "hillroad," nestled away among lilacs and other old-fashioned flowers, was the home of Ruth. There she was waiting for him. Did she feel him near her, at this moment?

The day had been a dark and sombre one, and, as he stood there, gray clouds along the western sky closed upon the hills, and night seemed to fall suddenly. But, as he went on, there came a rift in the clouds, and all along the crest of the hill a light shone as if a fire had been kindled there. It made him think of the verse, somewhere in the Bible, that tells of light at evening time, and it made him think of his life and Ruth's.

He reached Ruth's home at last. Its curtains were not drawn, and from the "front room" window a light shone out into the road.

"Oh, I think she put it there to welcome me," he cried, and his face was eager as a child's who sees at hand the fulfillment of a promise made long ago, and patiently, trustingly, waited for. "Ruth, Ruth, I am here!"

He entered the open gate. When he was half-way up the path the door of the little cottage opened, and a flood of radiance streamed out into the night, and in it, on the threshold, like an aureoled saint, stood Ruth.

"Is it you, dear?" she cried, and held out her hands in the welcome he had dreamed about so many times. "Ah, God is good!"

"Ruth, Ruth," he cried, and then his voice broke into a sob, and strength seemed to forsake him, and he fell upon the worn old threshold at her feet, with his face upturned to hers. She knelt down, and put her arms about his neck, and kissed the face all wet with tears.

"Is it you?" he whispered, "some way you looked like a vision, as you stood in the doorway, and I think I must have thought, for a moment, that you were dead, and had gone out of my life. But you said you'd wait for me, forever, if need be, and you've kept your word. Oh, Ruth, my Ruth, nothing but God shall come between us now."

Thank God for the light which comes at eventide!

## AT THE SIGN OF THE FLAG

ENLISTING IN THE U. S. NAVY TO-DAY

JOSEPH L. FRENCH

DOWN in the lower part of old Boston amid a huddled maze of old buildings and shabby streets, many of them so narrow that the sun gets little chance at the pavements, a flag of this Union hangs out from a second story window.

If the observer have his wits about him he will look for the next sign, the figure in uniform at the door, that confirms the hint of a recruiting station the flag has given. And there, sure enough, he is—in this case a worn old veteran, a little bent in the back and wizened and wistful of countenance, with the sad far-away look of long service in his eyes as he paces to and fro, but straightening up as the passer-by approaches, as if to remind him of the dignity and honor of the service of which he is the badge.

There is no need to question this man. You have to undergo his keen glance, however, as you pass the door and ascend the stairway.

### UNCLE SAM'S ARGUS.

He is in fact something more than a sign-post for Uncle Sam. He is at once the guardian of the gateway to glory, and the protector of the service in which it is won, from characters who are openly suspicious or dissolute. A wavering step, the outward and visible sign of too much liquor, a ragged and tattered "ensemble," a too palpable youth, or a man with gray hairs showing under his hat, is halted and sent to the right about with a few decisive words. This is the enlisting station of the United States Marine Corps in New England, and the service regulations are very rigid. Although it is past the piping times of peace, only men ranging from 21 to 30, and of over five feet five inches in height are enrolled. If the aspirant has succeeded in getting by this Argus, he encounters another one, of milder

manners, in the room at the top of the stairway. There is a cot bedstead in a corner, a bayonet or two on the wall—other opening signs of the warlike career.

### HOW OLD ARE YOU?

As you enter, the sergeant salutes you with a keen quick glance and a "how old are you," spoken in a quick, decisive tone. The manner of the sergeant is kind but not deferential. The applicant is at once told to put his feet together, "now stand up straight, open your mouth!" A quick eye searches the molars, the roof of the mouth, the palate. It is much like examining the teeth of a horse. But it tells a more important story—of two or three kinds. "Now sit down here; write your name and the date of your birth on this piece of paper." It sometimes takes the future Jack Tar several minutes to do all this. He is then asked to read out loud half a dozen lines of plain writing inscribed on a card, which the sergeant hands to him when he has arisen from his task in penmanship. "What do you understand by that?" the sergeant asks. The lines are some plain directions bearing on the mission of the applicant for enlistment, and contains perhaps half a dozen words of three syllables. When he has "commented" to the satisfaction of his mentor, and often with promptings, he has passed the first ordeal and is ordered briefly to "sit down over there." He joins a row of more or less anxious companions in a corner of the room near the big folding doors, behind which the doctor's voice can be heard engaged on an examination.

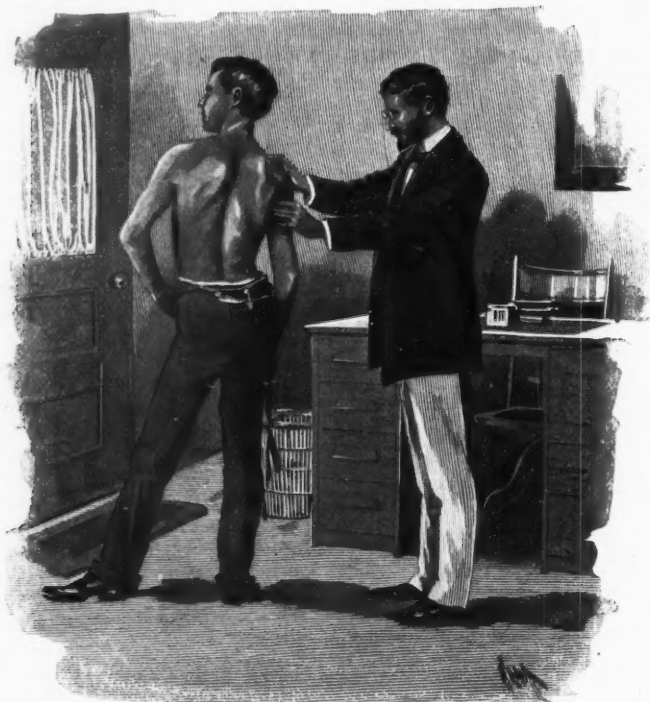
### PASSING THE DOCTOR.

When the folding doors are opened he confronts a rather severe looking gentleman in spectacles, who takes him to a big tin box standing on the window

ledge containing "hanks" of Berlin wool of many shades of color. Picking out a primary color the doctor throws it down against the black background of the box cover, and bids the man pick out all other shades of that color in the box and place them alongside. "About one man out of every ten that comes in here is color-blind," says the doctor. "Sometimes a man will pick out a strand of blue and toss it along-

#### HO! FOR CHARLESTOWN.

With the satisfactory consciousness at least that he is "every inch a man," the embryo tar is returned to the waiting room where along in the afternoon a carryall takes him and the other "elect" across the bridge to the big stone-walled navy yard at Charlestown, where by sundown he has donned his first suit of uniform, and awkward enough yet, begins to have a dawning



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

THE DOCTOR FINDING "FIT FOOD FOR POWDER."

side a bright red. We cannot accept him and we tell him so at once." The general test of eyesight is the same as that applied by any oculist. The applicant is then stripped to the skin and weighed, his height and chest measured, then the doctor takes him seriously in hand.

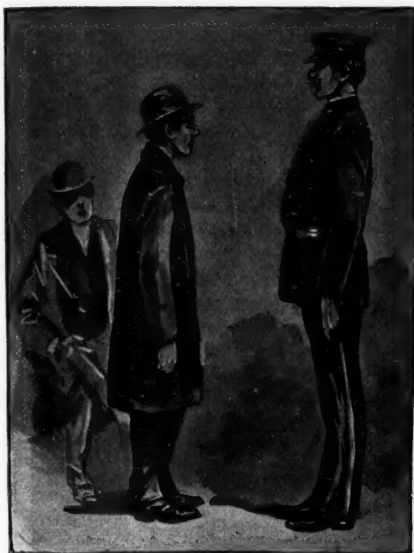
If he gets through all right he is an extra first-class risk for any life-insurance company on earth. In order to be fit "food for powder" under the American flag a man must be of the most wholesome material.

idea that life has begun for him in some new kind of a regular earnest way.

If he is a lad of spirit, the feeling that he has signed himself into a rigid service for five years—two of which are to be spent on land, although he is listed a "marine"—will not take hold of him as soon as the big gate closes. That will come at odd times perhaps, later on.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF A "FRESHY."

At present he really does not get

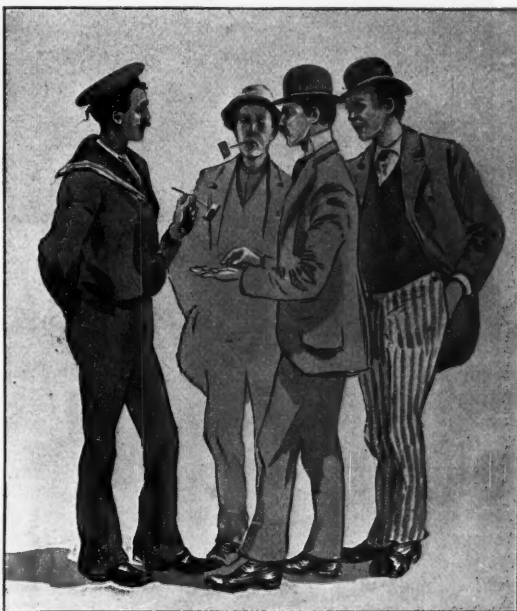


DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"YOU'RE UNDER SIZE, SIR."

much chance to think about it. He will be buoyed up from the start, in addition to the presumably patriotic feeling that surges in his own breast, by observing that the men about him are all distinctly well fed, clean and contented, with restrained manners, even in the utmost privacy of the barracks, and a look of self-respect in their faces. That he is ordered to do things in a tone that somehow increases his own self-respect in obeying to the best of his ability and that the man who has taken the place of his "employer" is a gentleman whom he soon learns to respect and honor, with a feeling such as he has somehow never experienced for any living man before. As to actual de-

tails: His first duty is to take the oath of allegiance to his country. He is then taken to the wardrobe and vested in such an outfit of clothes as in nine cases out of ten he has never possessed in all his life. He gets a double suit of clothes—"full-dress suits" is the regulation term. He has little qualms in reflecting on the difference, for he has probably never worn a "swallow-tail" in his life, unless he has been a swell waiter—four pairs of gloves, two suits of underwear, eight linen collars, and three pairs of shoes complete the outfit. This is supposed to be his allowance for the first year. He has to keep every bit of wear at all times in first-class condition; no officer is more spick and span than the commonest "freshy" at all ordinary times over at Charlestown, and if he is unusually hard on his clothes he has to account for it and pay for new ones. He has in fact been inducted into something very like a big military school for boys, in which



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"ASKING A NEW RECRUIT HOW IT SEEMS TO BE A SAILOR."



every detail of character and conduct is looked after with the closest scrutiny, with the difference that as he is a man in years and engaged in becoming a "real soldier," he has a wholesome constantly growing sense of personal responsibility.

For he has a fine career ahead of him compared to other branches of the service. He is to become an artilleryman and after his two years on land, if he has paid strict attention to his duties, he will find himself

arms, "facings" and the more intricate "skirmish drills." A variety and kind of exercise that turns him into a trained athlete in no time, and if he shows "form" he is turned on for regular guard duty; the first dawn of promotion! "A marine," as a six-foot recruit proudly remarked to me, drawing himself to his full height, "is an artilleryman on land and sea"—no light calling in the shadow of these times, indeed.



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"THE CROWD THAT FORMS IN LINE BETWEEN DECKS AT THE RECRUITING QUARTERS IS AS MOTLEY AS FALSTAFF'S ARMY."

classed as a first-class gunner—a "sharp-shooter"—when he steps aboard a big battleship. He turns in at the honest hour of nine o'clock on his first night spent under the ægis of the big eagle that is perched on Uncle Sam's shoulder, and whose replica of wood of enormous size that ornaments the centre of the Esplanade at the navy yard, was about the first thing he noticed when he got a chance to cast an eye round. And he is up with the sunrise gun, although there is no "dress parade" for him for some days to come. There is "setting-up" drill though, the manual of

#### THE PRESENT RUSH IN RECRUITS.

The number of men for this branch of the service who are accepted at 30 Portland street average about five every day now (March 24th) out of about twenty-five applicants. The power of the press is again illustrated here. "The newspapers have a great deal to do with getting them in," remarked the sergeant in charge at this recruiting office. "The past few days, since war news has been dull, we have not had more than half so many men examined. Right after the 'Maine' scare we had fifty to sixty men in here every day. It has



fallen off to twenty within the past week. If war was declared they might not be so ready."

The sergeant, it will be observed, was



"BEFORE AND AFTER."

not distinctly optimistic. For it is certainly a hopeful sign from the patriotic point of view, that fully nine-tenths of the men enlisted since the "Maine" incident are native-born Americans. At such a crisis as the present, the citizenship qualification is stretched a little. The requirements under this head are either that an applicant must be a native, a full-fledged foreign-born citizen, or have taken out his "first papers." Otherwise the primary qualifications as to height and age limit remain the same as when the sky shows no sign of a war-cloud. These are closer for this arm of our navy than for any other service. Only young men of full age and not over thirty are entered. The applicants come from nearly every class of labor. There are many lads from the country, who have worked only on farms, (sometimes only the home farm); shoemakers and mechanics of all kinds. It is noticeable that a man who has thoroughly mastered a trade, however, seldom comes in to enlist. In the marine corps trades count for little, except

those of painter and carpenter. There are other branches of the naval service, however, in which (particularly the sea-going trade) they are worth more. Many of the men who seek out the flag that flutters over Portland street, and come up the stairway without a dollar in their pockets, are possessed of a good education. Boston High School diplomas have been thrust under the eye of the sergeant in charge more than once since the "Maine" was blown up.

Sometimes a poor fellow, in the last depths of misery, succeeds in getting by the uniformed Argus on the sidewalk. He has walked into town without his breakfast. He has no lodging in prospect for the night. To "pass the doctor" is his last hope. If he does not succeed he often breaks down utterly and the sergeant hears his pitiful story.

If the plain truth must be spoken, it is for the most part a shabby, disconsolate procession that seeks this "Sign of the Flag." Many a young man who has found the world all against him before he was



"IT IS A SHABBY PROCESSION THAT SEEKS THIS 'SIGN OF THE FLAG.'"

thirty, has sought the stairway at 30 Portland street. But a man is easily made over again at that period in life, and the recruit soon finds this out in the bracing sea air and wholesome discipline of Charlestown.

#### ON THE "WABASH."

But this is only one side of the picture. The real panorama of enlistment in the navy is taking place just now on that grand old relic of "heart of oak" and rebellion, aye, and anti-rebellion days the "Wabash," which has ridden for twenty years in about fifteen feet of water off Charlestown Navy Yard. Here throngs the raw recruit who is transformed into a "jack tar" at once by the order of Secretary Long. The transformation, so far as outward show and the oath of allegiance is concerned, is a matter of but a few minutes these stirring times. The object of a man who enlists in the navy is primarily to go to sea, and he finds this ambition gratified on the "Wabash" within twenty-four hours if he can pass the doctor. There is no two years' waiting and long, tedious barrack duty and land drills, as in the case of the marine.

The afternoon I visited the receiving ship, the "kits" bundled in canvas, in a row, on the upper deck, of thirteen men who had "listed" that very morning and who were to leave in an hour on the "Colonial Limited," for Philadelphia, were pointed out to me. It is health and brawn that are wanted here, although a good seaman is at a premium. The age limit is thirty-five, and a man is only required to measure five feet, four and one-half inches standing, to pass. "Able seamen" as old as forty-five have been known to pass within the last few days.

#### WANTED, "ABLE SEAMEN."

"Able seamen" are scarce and Uncle Sam needs them badly, and a recruiting station, under the charge of Lieutenant Minette, has been opened at Gloucester within the past few weeks. A squad of seven tough and tarry sea fighters from the fishing town arrived while I was looking over the "Wabash." It's "hats off" to a Gloucester fisherman on the receiving ship these days. For the rest, the crowd that streams over the sides of the "Wabash" and forms in line between decks

at the recruiting quarters is as motley as Falstaff's army. Nobody but a drunken man is kept off the ship. Be it said for the most part, however, the applicants look clean, and there are many fine-appearing fellows among them. "Seamen," "ordinary seamen," and "landsmen," are the grades enlisted here. In times of peace the "Wabash" is a pleasant loafing place for the green jack tar, sometimes for a couple of months, but now he gets his "kit," a couple of meals, and, perhaps, a night aboard, and it is "good-by to the old 'Wabash.'" The note of preparation is sufficiently stirring to satisfy the senses of even the most ardent jingoist. And everybody seems happy except the lass that has come to bid her sailor good-by, and whose tears fall unnoticed often, amid the general bustle.

#### MUSTERING IN FOR THE "CUBAN WAR."

"We call this the 'Cuban War,'" remarked a veteran to me as we looked on at the lively scene the upper deck or "deck house," as it is called, which is the grand reception room of the "Wabash" presented.

"We had just such busy times aboard at the time of the 'Virginius' scare. We called in all the dogs of war then. I have been here five years and I may be in Key West in three weeks from to-day. But I don't let it bother me a bit. Turn in and sleep as soundly nights as ever, and yet we all feel like men standing on the brink of a precipice. May rush at any time into war. We're ready for it." He spoke for himself and his companions who had smelt powder. There are dozens going out on the "Wabash" daily who have never even seen a salute fired on Boston Common.

But the same semblance, at least, of the heroic spirit, pervades everybody, and nobody cried but the girls. "Ready to fight, ready to die," is the sentiment from the negro who has just passed as a coal-heaver to old Jack Blake of the "Wabash," who sailed up Mobile Bay with Farragut and who joins in bantering the "freshies" on the lower deck as they slip into their first blouse and trousers, and brushes his hand across his eye and hopes he ain't laid on the shelf yet.

## A CUBAN INSURGENT NEWSPAPER

BY THOMAS W. STEEP

A FIELD CORRESPONDENT

AS the government improvised by the Cuban insurgents in Cuba is largely a government existing by stratagem, secrecy is essential to every function, and I am accordingly constrained to withhold some details in describing my visit to the insurgent printing shop of *El Cubano Libre*, in visiting which I have the honor of being the only American correspondent.

It must be extremely embarrassing to General Blanco and the members of the Spanish Cortes to receive with regularity a newspaper well edited, with twelve wide columns of news matter and editorial paragraphs full of unrestrained acrimony for Spain and printed on territory which Spain still claims for her own subjugation!

Time and time again the Spaniards have sent troops out in the vicinity on the fields where this paper was supposed to be printed, and equally as many times they have returned to their point of starting with ranks decimated, and without having silenced the most powerful voice on the Cuban fields—the voice that comes from the mountains of Cayo del Rey.

The establishment of the printing press is the more remarkable from the fact that the presses, the type and the whole printer's kit were stolen from the Spaniards, and were one time owned by an editor in Nipe who would as soon have set type against Spain as have his head severed from his shoulders.

There are now five of these newspapers on the fields; but, both for typography and editorial make-up, *El Cubano Libre* is the most typical newspaper. The other journals and their general locations are, *Boletin de la Guerra* in Camaguey, *La Republica* and *La Sanidad* in Las Villas, and *La Independencia* near Manzanillo.

I was "ordered" to Cuba to report the progress of the war from the seat of hostilities, and it was after I went out through

the military lines at Santiago and proceeded into the interior, and before I reached Major General Calixto Garcia, that I visited the *El Cubano Libre* print shop in Cayo del Rey Mountain.

The publication of *El Cubano Libre* is the result of a suggestion of Antonio Maceo, and was begun in August, 1895. It has been published twice a month since without molestation. Late in July, 1895, Maceo conceived the idea of printing a bulletin for official news, and the discovery of a small printing equipment in the town of Nipe resulted in the establishment of *El Cubano Libre*. When Maceo first learned of the small printing press he consulted Ferrer, a young man in his company, who had formerly conducted *El Triunfo* at Santiago. The town, Nipe, was located near a Spanish garrison, at Mayari. Maceo decided to steal the press and to spirit it away to the woods. With armed men Maceo took the printing press and the little office equipment away one night in August, 1895, in a two-wheeled cart. Three nights afterward the office was established where it yet remains.

I arrived at Cayo del Rey after three days of rough mountain travel and met Editor Ferrer and his corps of assistants. After resting one night in a relay house—a building made of bamboo stalks and palm leaves—in company with Editor Ferrer, I made the ascent of nearly three hundred feet up the hill to the press. The press is situated in a cavity or bowl in the crown of the mountain. It is almost unapproachable. I had to swing around rocks and then writhe over and under them; all but hang in mid air at the ends of roots and brush, in making the ascent to the print shop.

A pretty little thatched hut is the home of this unique newspaper office. The paper seemed to be well supplied with ink, paper

and type. The press is a Washington, No. 2556, made by R. Hoe & Co., New York. It bore the date of 1854. It was, of course, a hand press of the earliest pattern. The antiquated old trap looked to me something like Franklin's printing machine in

Spaniards subjugate Cuba again, I imagine they will be exasperated to hear the cry of "Cuba Libre!" from the garrulous throats of those parrots.

A small cave near the present office was the home of the paper before the hut was

República de Cuba, 15 de Enero de 1897.

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**EL**

# CUBANO LIBRE.

"PATRIA Y LIBERTAD."

PERIÓDICO POLÍTICO INDEPENDIENTE.

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Año 2.—Número 47. DIRECTOR: MARCELINO GARCÍA FERRER. Segunda Época.

**REDACTORES:**  
 Rafael Torres Cuello, Editor en Jefe.  
 José Martí Argente, Secretario.  
 Dr. Joaquín García, Redactor.  
 Dr. Rafael Portuondo, Redactor.  
 Francisco Aguirre R., Redactor.  
 José Gual, Redactor.  
 Dr. Gerardo Subirats, Redactor.  
 Dr. Villalón Domínguez, Redactor.  
 Dr. G. Páez, Redactor.  
 Rafael Manabía, Redactor.

**SECRETARIO DE REDACCIÓN:** Daniel Fajardo Ortiz.

Suspendimos nuestro editorial de hoy para dar cabida al senado y bien escrito Manifiesto que, en Agosto del año próximo pasado, dirigió el Secretario de Relaciones Exteriores, Licenciado Rafael Portuondo, a las Repúblicas latinas de América.

Tarde ha llegado a nuestras manos, no obstante, lo publicamos con verdadero gusto, a fin de que nuestros lectores consten un documento que—dado el espíritu de verdad y justicia que le anima—entraña notable importancia para Cuba, y seguramente habrá producido en el ánimo de las potencias Latino-Americanas, una reacción favorable a nuestra causa.

Helo aquí:

**EL GOBIERNO PROVISIONAL**  
 DE LA  
**REPÚBLICA DE CUBA**  
 A LAS REPÚBLICAS  
 DE LA AMÉRICA LATINA.

El 24 de febrero de 1895 tomamos de nuevo las armas los patriotas cubanos, para romper definitivamente el vínculo político que ataba el pueblo de Cuba a la metrópoli de España. Es el día inmediato de seten-

bre, sus armas victoriosas habían llevado la bandera de la libertad desde el extremo oriental de la isla a los linderos de la provincia de Matanzas. Las tres cuartas partes del territorio de la colonia estaban en armas contra el poder español; y sus habitantes eligieron delegados para constituir un gobierno, como primera expresión de su soberanía.

En los históricos campos de Jimaguayú se reunió la Asamblea Constituyente, que redactó la constitución provisional, adoptó a las necesidades de la guerra, y declaró constituida la República de Cuba. El poder supremo del nuevo Estado se confirió a un Consejo de Gobierno, compuesto de un Presidente, un Vice-presidente, y a secretarios encargados del despacho de los asuntos de Guerra, Hacienda, Interior y Relaciones Exteriores.

Para llenar estos cargos fueron electos los Cnos. Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, Presidente; Bartolomé Masó, Vice-presidente; general Carlos Roloff, secretario de la Guerra; licenciado Severo Fina, secretario de Hacienda; doctor Santiago García Cabañas, secretario del Interior; y licenciado Rafael Portuondo Tamarit, secretario de Relaciones Exteriores. Para el mando en jefe de las fuerzas cubanas fue designado el general Máximo Gómez, y el general Antonio Maceo para lugarteniente. La representación del gobierno de la República en el extranjero se encomendó al ciudadano Tomás Estrada Palma, con el título de Delegado Plenipotenciario.

Después de estos sucesos, el éxito militar de la revolución ha superado todas las esperanzas. Los ejércitos de la República invadieron con incontrastable empuje las provincias de Matanzas, Habana y Pinar del Río, desbaratando las fuerzas españolas, burlando los planes de sus generales, y en pocos días llegaron al extremo occidental de la isla, subyugando el país en masa. La marcha del Ejér-

cito invasor por el territorio de Occidente fué un verdadero paso triunfal. Las poblaciones se precipitaban al encuentro de nuestros soldados, y la adhesión del pueblo, en las comarcas que se ensamblan el baluarte de la soberanía de España, ha coronado al trío militar con el más completo triunfo político.

Ante este resultado, que sería atombroso si no estuvieran patentes las causas que lo han producido, es imposible desconocer que el pueblo de la colonia tiene la firme voluntad de demostrar a Venezuela, Colombia, completando su desarrollo histórico, cual en su día lo completaron las naciones hermanas del continente, y elevándose a la dignidad de Estado. Así como ha demostrado del modo más enérgico que no retrocederá ante ningún sacrificio por mantener su personalidad y su independencia política.

Teniendo esto presente, el gobierno de la República de Cuba ha creído deber suyo dirigirse a los otros Estados americanos, que tienen su mismo origen, para exponerles los graves motivos que lo han llevado a apelar a la guerra a fin de constituirse, y para expresarles sus gratas esperanzas de que encontrarán en ella una gran fuerza moral que lo ayude eficazmente a poner término al sangriento conflicto en que está empeñado. De la sabiduría de los pueblos libres de la América Latina espera el reconocimiento de que, por encima de las fronteras nacionales, se extienden vínculos anteriores a las formas políticas y más permanentes, constituidos por la comunidad de origen, de historia y de idioma y por la semejanza de costumbres y creencias que de esa comunidad se deriva. De ellos resulta que la tranquilidad y la prosperidad de un pueblo americano son factores importantes en la vida de todos, haciendo que no sea un concepto vago el de la solidaridad americana.

FAC-SIMILE OF "EL CUBANO LIBRE," THE LEADING INSURGENT NEWSPAPER OF CUBA.

Printed with press taken from the Spaniards by Maceo.

the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

The space cleared for the printing shop is over-arched with palms and woodbine, and the woods are filled with parrots that keep up an incessant chatter. When the

built. I entered the cave which had a flat floor, an arched roof, and was white-washed. It was really a charming subterranean chamber.

The editorial work is done at the base

of the mountain. The copy is carried up by the printers when they "ascend" to prepare the sheet.

The editorials are quite American-like. The news columns contain only such news as expediency in war time allows. I give two translated extracts of the issue of January 15, 1897, which appeared shortly after my visit:

There has visited our office and remained with us for three days, Mr. T. Willowy Steep, correspondent of the accredited North American newspapers—the Cincinnati Post, St. Louis Chronicle, Cleveland Press and Kentucky Post.

Mr. Steep is, as almost all the American reporters, active, intelligent and amiable. He is anxious for the independence of our land, and dreams of a future friendly union of Cuba with the United States.

For "The Cuba Libre" he left the following expressive lines: "No American will hesitate to say that the deprivation of self-government to a civilized people geographically independent is wrong.

"T. Willowy Steep."

May the stay of our distinguished guest in Cuba Libre be pleasant, and may he carry with him when he returns to the bosom of the grand Republic grateful impressions of this heroic land, which struggles to redeem itself from hateful slavery.

The words in English in quotation marks, I, myself, picked out of the type box and set up. My interpreter explained to Editor Ferrer what they meant. He laughed when I made a "w" out of two "v's" and divided the syllable in "geographically." He asked me if the sentiment had just prompted itself, and I said it had been brewing in my mind a long time.

Here is another extract:

A reporter of *La Lucha* relates that Assassin Weyler was passing a children's school in the village of Arroyo Noranjo, Province of Havana, when the scholars became frightened (I do not know whether they saw his face) and began to cry. At

that one Gascon, a rural guard, quieted the children and said to them: "Do not be frightened. This is General Weyler, the hero of the West. Give vivas!"

The reporter does not say whether the children replied with vivas, but he does add that the General called Gascon, talked with him a few minutes and told him to come to the palace the following day.

Is not this really a pretty incident? There is none to say the guard did not make his fortune, and with little work—with a viva at the right time.

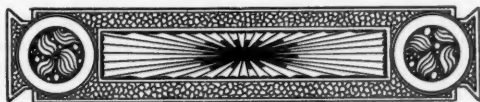
This is a queer world!

The better to elude them, should the Spanish troops finally locate the print shop, and because of the scarcity of water in the mountain and its almost inaccessibility, Editor Ferrer and his staff live at the base of the mountain. To cover up a direct disclosure should the Spaniards come, the trail leading to the press is kept overgrown with brush and is frequently changed.

This mountain print shop has become the patriot government printing office. I saw orders for printing matter from General-in-Chief Gomez, President at that time; Cisneros and the various secretaries of the Cuban Government.

The newspaper is circulated gratis in the ranks of the insurgent army. It has become an institution which does much to elevate the spirit of the *soldados de la manigua* ("soldiers of the long grass"), the Cuban insurgents. It is teaching the women, the children and the illiterate to read, who have not had the chance under the schoolless reign of Spain.

The printing is done with care and is as neat and clean, if not more so, than most country newspapers in the United States. When I left I expressed the hope to Editor Ferrer that the little printing shop in the woods would sometime be as important to the prospective Republic of Cuba as the great government printery at Washington is to the United States.





## WITH GOMEZ IN THE CUBAN SKIRMISHES\*

BY ELBERT G. HASTINGS

THE art of war-correspondence by trained service in the field is a distinctively modern outgrowth of latter day journalism. Wm. Howard Russell, who served the *London Times* during the Crimean Campaigns of the latter fifties, was at once the pioneer and the Nestor of the profession.

Since then there have been men, able and fearless, who have left shining names on the short but brilliant roster of real war-correspondents; of our own Rebellion; the Franco-Prussian war, and the Turco-Russian difficulty of '77.

There are few people who care for the literature of adventure, but have read the books, absorbingly interesting from first page to finish, of McGahan and Archibald Forbes. The fame of our own Frank Millet is international. As remarked, the names on the roll of fame are few and fit, and a recent book by a new man on the struggle in Cuba, "Marching With Gomez," provokes the inquiry as to whether this remarkable guerilla war will not add at least one more to it.

It is begging the question to interpose the objection that the present Cuban conflict is not a war.

### THE WORK OF THE WAR-CORRESPONDENTS.

From the war-correspondent's standpoint, Grover Flint's career amply disposes of what becomes something more important than a stigmatism in this connection.

Let us also admit the testimony of Mr.

Richard Harding Davis, on this point: "They (the men who are writing and have written from the Island of Cuba) are taking chances that no war-correspondent ever took in any war in any part of the world. For this is not a war, it is a state of lawless butchery, and the rights of correspondents, of soldiers and of non-combatants, are not recognized. Archibald Forbes, and 'Bull Run' Russell, and Frederick Villiers had great continental armies to protect them; these men work alone with a continental

army against them. They risk capture at sea, and death by the guns of a Spanish cruiser, and escaping that, they face, when they reach the island, the greater danger of capture there and of being cut down by a guerilla force and left to die in a road, or of being put in a prison and left to die of fever, as Govin was cut down, as Delgado died in prison, as Melton is lying in prison now, (1896) where he will continue to lie until we have a secretary of state who recognizes the rights of the correspondent as a non-combatant, or at least as an American citizen. The fate of these three American correspondents has not deterred others from crossing the lines, and they are in the field now, lying in swamps by day and creeping between the forts by night, standing under fire by the side of Gomez as they stood beside Maceo, going without food, without

shelter, without the right to answer the attacks of the Spanish troops, climbing the mountains, and crawling across the trochas, creeping to some friendly hut for a cup of coffee and to place their despatches in safe hands, and then going back again to run the gauntlet of



"I WILL KEEP MY EYE ON EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU!" SAID GOMEZ.

\* *Marching with Gomez.*—A War-Correspondent's Field Notebook during four months with the Cuban army. By Grover Flint, with an introduction by John Fuske. \$1.50. Lamson Wolfe & Co., Boston and New York.



Spanish spies and of flying columns and of the unspeakable guerillas. Whether the result is worth the risk is not the question. It is as dangerous to seek for Gomez as Stanley found it to seek for Livingstone, and as few men return from the insurgent camps as from the Arctic regions.

"In case you do not read a New York paper it is well that you should know that the names of these correspondents are Grover Flint, Sylvester Scovel, and George Bronson Rae. I repeat that as I could not reach the field I can write thus freely of those who have been more successful."

#### MR. FLINT'S ARRIVAL IN CUBA.

This is the declaration of a man who had tried and failed ("Cuba In War Time") but who honors himself in thus frankly honoring his peers. When Grover Flint sailed from New York City early in January, 1896, with a check for a thousand dollars from the proprietor of the *New York Journal* in his pocket, his mission was unknown except to one or two of the members of the editorial staff. When he reached Havana he assumed the interest and the insouciance of a cosmopolitan tourist, a role for which his abundant experience in strange scenes aptly fitted him. But he was a man with a purpose, and his mission called for the exercise of rare detective instincts. The period was the beginning of Weyler's reign, when every man was a "suspect" and a fair haired Anglo-Saxon on the streets of Havana was regarded as an open enemy. His ears were assailed constantly during his daily walks about the city by the Spanish equivalent for "pig"—the common sobriquet (he informed me) for Americans, and that there were real dangers attending his person wherever he went, he received hourly hints. The roving insurgent camp with all the terrors of an irregular warfare was in fact comparative safety. The only "inside," familiar, almost daily record for four months of a struggle which may involve the United States and perhaps half the great powers in a momentous war, he has just given to the world in a book entitled "Marching With Gomez."

The volume opens with the entry of the correspondent on the scene of actual camp

life, but there is a shorter and almost as thrilling a story of his experience in reaching the insurgent lines which he will, perhaps, some day present to the public. The book makes the unapproachable and almost unparalleled (considering the length and character of the Cuban struggle) bid for general popularity at the outset, of being the only detailed account of the insurgent's life and doings that has been published. But three men, indeed, (as Mr. Davis records,) who have reached the lines, and lived with the Insurgent army have done anything even for journalism, and of these Mr. Flint is the only one who has undertaken to make his experiences permanent. His book therefore as a basis for history, and as a contemporary record appearing at the moment of a crisis, is of a value that falls to the lot of very few



ACCUSTOMED TO HIS TUB AND SOAP EVERY MORNING IN HAVANA.



HERNANDEZ' BEAUTIFUL BOOTS.

narratives of adventure. A public surfeited with the political side of the question, and yet surcharged with interest, ought to welcome it as eagerly as an insurgent troop welcomes a skirmish after a month's inaction. Mr. Flint's sub-title, "A War-Correspondent's Field Note-Book Kept During Four Months With the Cuban Army," is unassuming and distinctly characteristic of his whole effort.

AN INTRODUCTION BY  
PROF. JOHN FISKE.

The book has the benefit of an introduction by Prof. John Fiske (the author's father-in-law) who gives in his masterly way in the compass of twenty pages a complete review of Spain's dealings with Cuba since the island's discovery. This short essay is a condensed text book on the subject and is worth much just at this time.

Speaking directly of his son-in-law's work he says: "Some experience of life on the Plains as a soldier in the United States army had prepared him for the kind of adventures involved in the undertaking, and he had lived in Spain long enough to become familiar with the language, as well as with Spanish ideas and mental habits. Under these circumstances, and with exceptional opportunities for observation, he gathered the materials for the narrative which follows; in which his purpose has been to tell the 'plain unvarnished tale' of what he saw and heard."

As for the book itself there is nothing that can be said of it that can interest the reader half so much as a taste of it. It is divided into two nearly equal sections, both of which are alive with the same spirit and purpose, "Searching for Gomez" and "Marching With Gomez." Here is a sketch with pen and pencil of his "room-

mate" during his first night in the lines:

"My stout, snoring 'bunkie,' of the night before, who had occupied the cot opposite me, in our rancho, crawled out into the sunlight and dipped up a steaming jicara of guarapo. Then he sat down beside me. It was the cook's domain, where only distinguished guests, officers, and their orderlies were allowed to loaf or stretch and shake themselves in the early morning.

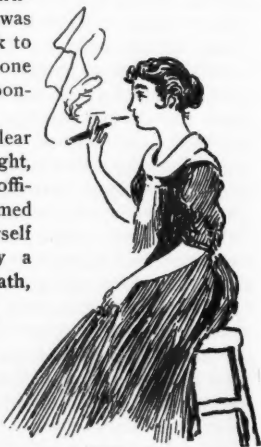
"Andarje and his officers being already up and away, my neighbor introduced himself as Lieutenant Herrera, an aide-de-camp of Gomez, temporarily attached to the force. He was a tall, amiable young man with a blonde moustache, very fat and pink in spite of field life. His first remark was that I looked as though I had got wet the night before. He envied me a bath,—he hadn't had even a respectable face-wash himself for a month,—he who was accustomed to his tub and soap every morning in Havana."

HOW THE CANEFIELDS WERE BURNT.

We have read much and pondered more on the destruction of property by both sides in Cuba. Mr. Flint presents a picture of the "burning of a canefield" that will be new to our senses.

"At this time Weyler was attempting to enforce his orders to grind the sugar-cane, and the insurgents were actively forehanded in burning it up. It was my good luck to be a guest at one of Rojas' bonfires.

"In the clear evening starlight, Rojas, two officers, four armed men, and myself left camp by a narrow cowpath, took down the bars of the snake fences bordering the railroad, and crossed the track silent-



CUBANITAS LOVE TOBACCO.

ly. Then we filed through a farmyard on to the highroad. It was a broad road, where wagons might have easily passed each other, and it wound between stone walls and fields of waving cane. Two of the enlisted men rode ahead with carbines unslung across the pommels of their saddles, and two dropped behind.

"After a mile, a turn of the road brought us out on a rising ground overlooking the bay and the city of Cardenas. Lights shone in the town, marking the main avenue of the city and public squares distinctly. It was strange to look down, an outlaw, on streets I had walked freely a week before,—yet I was conscious of a certain feeling of pride thereat. A solitary light gleamed below us, half a mile away to our left. 'That is the "Sugar House",' said Rojas.

"We continued slowly along the highroad. Rojas blew a note on his whistle, then we halted and listened for a few moments.

"We rode on, and he repeated the call, halting again. Presently, with a swishing of cane leaves, a mounted man trotted swiftly from the shadow of a guarda-*raya* to our right, and pulled up sharp, with his horse's head over the wall. 'It is true, Señor Comandante,' he said, 'they have arrived,—eighty of the infantry,—they have camped in the ingenio, and there will be grinding to-morrow.'

"Go ahead with your "*candela*,"' (fire, applied distinctly to the blaze of sugar-cane) said Rojas; and we rode back to the rising ground, where we halted under a *guasima* tree and waited, straining our eyes over the black sweep of country below.

"A soft breeze blew inland, passing through the vegetation with a rustle, as we sat there on our horses for nearly a quarter of an hour without a word.

"Look!" said Rojas, suddenly.

"A faint light flickered to the left, mov-

ing in a straight line midway between us and the ingenio. Then in its wake a triangular red flame shot up, doubling and tripling and tumbling over itself, sweeping

a cloud of white smoke into the sky.

It was the prairie fire picture of the old school geographies, only in place of frightened, stampeded animals, tall palms rose in sharp silhouette in the foreground. Behind us every tree, every stone and blade of grass that was not

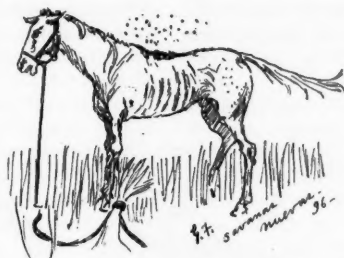
hidden by our shadows stood out in orange glare, and a sweet, burning smell, with a sound like the heavy fall of rain, came to us even against the breeze.

"As the wall of flame rolled swiftly right and left, the ear caught a sharp pah! pah-pah! pah-pah-pr-r-r? of Mauser rifles, like a popping of toy pistols. The soldiers had tumbled out of the ingenio and were shooting at random.

"How beautiful!" observed Rojas."

A short extract like the following is worth whole columns of such "war-correspondence" as has been furnished the public.

"We camped that night in the overseer's cottage on a sugar estate, three miles out of Cardenas, and as I sat at supper with Lacret, scouts reported the enemy's position in the immediate neighborhood. Pavia had made camp in a sugar-house five miles away, near Pavo Real. Three miles to the south



"ANDARJE GAVE ME A HORSE."



GONZALES' BEAUTIFUL MACHETE.

of us, camping on another large plantation, was a Spanish column of eight hundred men which had marched that afternoon from Cardenas. To the north-east, at scarcely a greater distance, lay Cardenas with its garrison of regulars and volunteers. It was fair to suppose that

camped for some days, will give an idea of the author's manner in handling personalities:

#### THE PERSONALITY OF LACRET.

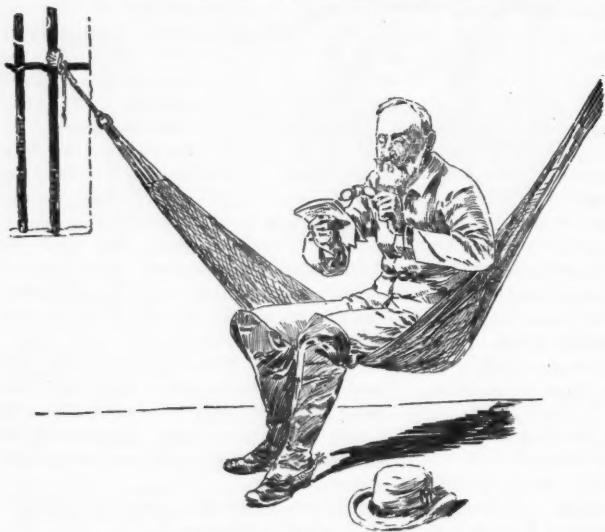
"Lacret was a picturesque, gray-headed gentleman, with a very brown sunburned face, and neatly curled white moustachios.

He had a hawk nose and high cheek-bones like an old French general of the second Empire. His manners were refined and courteous. He spoke French as a second language; but barely understood English. He was of Haytian French descent.

"Lacret was a wealthy man, and whenever he succeeded in burning up a big sugar-mill, the Havana papers consoled themselves by publishing items of how different bits of property or in-

vested interests of his had been seized by the Spanish Government. These accounts were always read with delight by Insurgents and Spaniards alike, for the Cubans loved to think what a Mogul their commander had been, and it pleased the Spaniards to feel that they were getting even with an enemy.

"Lacret was exceedingly neat in his costume, his belt and leggings were always well blacked, he carried a change of linen uniform in his saddle-bags, and he was very particular about being neatly shaved. The most extraordinary article of his dress was the tall Mexican hat that had attracted the attention of the Spaniards at Pavo Real. It had a silver star within a triangular crimson cockade on one side, and from it a long red cord hung about his neck and down his back like an artilleryman's aiguillette. That hat was known throughout Matanzas Province. There was not another like it in all Cuba."



PRESIDENT CISNEROS AT SAN ANDRES.

with reasonable activity, Spanish scouting parties might locate us during the night and have every lane and trail about us ambuscaded by morning.

"I asked Lacret if we were not in a bit of a hole, and my question surprised him.

"'They will not know where we are,' he said, 'until they hear it from peasants to-morrow. They never dare to send out scouts: if they did, I should capture them at once. They only move about the country in heavy columns, and I can skirmish with them or evade them as I like. By to-morrow they will know that we have been here, and they will march here on principle; but by sunrise I shall be gone, and they will not know where I am, excepting by accident, until twenty-four hours later.' I found that Lacret was not guilty of exaggeration."

The following spirited sketch of the most important commander after Gomez and Maceo, with whom Mr. Flint was

Here are bits outlining members of Lacret's staff:

"At this time Collazo, who had just landed his expedition at Baradero, near Cardenas, was with us, waiting to join Gomez. Collazo was to become a general, on confirmation of the commander-in-chief, and he had selected as the nucleus of his staff, Hernandez and Duque Estrada, two young officers who had been educated, and very well educated, in the United States. Charlie Hernandez was conspicuous for a fine pair of boots which he never took off. They were sportsman's boots, came to the knee and were laced up in front.

"Somehow, whenever you saw Hernandez, you saw his boots first and always considered the chances of war, and wondered who would get those boots in case an accident were to happen to their occupant. Although Hernandez shared the common danger of dying with his boots on, there was no possibility of his being buried with them on.

"I had almost forgotten a little doctor named Janiz. I think he was appointed largely on account of his pleasing social qualities, for he never seemed to know what to do when a man was wounded. He would always open his little medicine case and spread it out all over the table and study the instruments and then roll them up, put them back again, and turn with a sigh of relief to the good old rag and diluted carboic acid treatment."

#### THE DRAWBACKS OF THE PROFESSION.

Here is a striking picture of personal details which will serve to cover Mr. Flint's whole campaign in this particular:

"Once in a while there was time to get our clothes washed; but like eating and sleeping, cleanliness was a matter of luck. In this connection, Lacret once re-

marked, 'I shall bathe myself when the floods of the rainy season (*las lluvias*) begin.' We all managed to shave occasionally, Campoverde acting as barber in off moments for those who had no razors. Campoverde was also staff hair-cutter by appointment. Otherwise, Lacret's camp offered no luxuries excepting now and then a chance package of tobacco, or a thimbleful of coffee—sometimes it was honest, black Cuban coffee, sometimes a liquid brewed from scorched kernels of Indian corn. It was a struggle to write, because at night tapers were hard to get, and by day, when Lacret made a house his headquarters, the staff slept all over the tables and chairs until Campoverde tipped them off and served dinner. Even Piedra, the secretary, achieved official correspondence with difficulty."

The reader is better acquainted with Cuba, with the merits and demerits of the struggle, and with the men on both sides who are fighting, than he has ever been before by the time Gomez is actually reached.

#### THE APPEARANCE OF GOMEZ.

"As we filed past headquarters, a straight little white-bearded man, in a gray cloth suit and riding boots, with two golden stars on either lapel of his coat, came out to meet us, peering with a sharp eye from beneath his broad hat brim, that was cocked a little to one side, while a group of neatly dressed officers remained at a distance behind.

"This was Gomez, the man who has made his name famous in three continents.

"He is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps, if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes on you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness, and the experience of men that



"I TRUST MY GENERAL IS WELL."



is in those eyes, and their owner becomes a giant before you.

"He is a farmer by birth, the son of a farmer, with an Anglo-Saxon tenacity of

"Moron was always in Gomez' sight; in fact at Mal Tiempo he rode beside Gomez in a machete charge, and even from his mule macheted a Spanish soldier. It was the same machete, by the way, that he used for chopping the general's meat.

"At Moron's elbow rode his scullion, Grillo (significant name for one of his profession!) on a good but a smaller mule, with more of the cooking utensils in his saddlebags,—and the two were forever quarrelling; that is, Moron was laying down the law and Grillo was talking back; for Grillo was an impudent little negro of eleven or thereabouts, and very mischievous, with a spirit of his own. Grillo was always getting into trouble. Once, I remember, Gomez' field-glass was missing, and they traced it to Grillo, who was seen looking through it, back end to, at the last

"El Cocinero General"

Pogo Agui -  
25 May  
1896



MORON, RANKING COOK OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

purpose, and a sense of honor as clean and true as the blade of his little Santo Domingo machete."

In the description of the entourage of the commander, to which the author devotes several pages, occurs this bit that familiarizes one with the everlasting humorous side of life during an active campaign:

#### SOME INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH.

"Gomez' own cook, a Spaniard born, named Moron, was an exception to the rule concerning asistentes, for he rode on a fine buckskin mule with the general staff, the pots and pans clinking in his saddlebags. That Moron, occupying a position of trust, should be a Spaniard, was not so surprising when one considers that in the Cuban ranks are many Spaniards who, from sympathy or as deserters, have cast their lot with the rebellion. Miro, an able leader, is one of these.

camping place, and had left it in the grass. Gomez drew his machete and gave Grillo some good 'planazos' with the flat of it, and the scullion was sent back with two soldiers to get it."

A few days later at the battle of Saratoga, Mr. Flint says:

"Our prize mule has just been shot under Gomez' cook. It was a beautiful mule. I sketched it a few days ago. It stumbled and fell, scattering pots and pans and sweet-potatoes and pieces of cold meat over the rocky path. Moron, the cook, is shifting the saddle to the mule ridden by Grillo, the scullion, who must now walk. Both are angry."

#### THE BATTLE AT SARATOGA.

There were skirmishes before the chief engagement, which the author describes in detail, took place at Saratoga. There is the right feeling in this sketch of a bit of warfare:



"The men of the escolta were now at a distance from the enemy, varying between two hundred and two hundred and fifty yards. Our other two troops were already scattering into the palm grove, and the impedimenta was safe away among the hills. Gomez' two trumpeters struck up a merry quickstep, and the shooting began on our side.

"The Cubans say that if you are not wounded in the first volley, you will not be at all unless Providence so expressly desires; therefore, I waited to see the rifles go up with interest. A sparkle of moving steel ran along the bluish-gray line, then the line wavered in a thin mist of exploding smokeless powder, and a crash came like the swift tearing of a giant strip of carpet. Another crash! and another! Five distinct crashes; and the five cartridges that each Spanish rifle carried in its magazine were expended. The popping of our men, who shot from their saddles, seemed slight and puny.

"The Spanish volleys now came irregularly, swelling to a rah! rah! rah! sound, like a confused succession of college cheers. The sun caught on the waving blades of the officers, who were threatening and slapping the soldiers to preserve the alignment.

"Our shots must have told, for the Spanish line wavered like cane swayed by the wind; they were shoulder to shoulder, the front rank apparently kneeling with the butts of their pieces on the ground.

"Bullets sped by—every near one with a slight hissing sound as when an insect

darts past you. Sometimes they would turn blades of grass, or strike in the ground with a sharp snap, like the report of an air-gun. This was all that told that we were under fire of several hundred European regulars.

"A puff of white smoke blew up from some slightly higher ground to the rear of the square, and a heavy report followed. Then another puff and another report. Two field-pieces were firing alternately; but we never heard a sign or a sound of the shells, which must have travelled back to the little ingenio where we had breakfasted."

Gomez is a stern disciplinarian, something indeed of a martinet. The "majaces" or men who could bear arms, yet still kept to the lazy life of the plantations, were his particular aversion. Here is a characteristic scene with pen and pencil:

*División Matanzas*  
*General*  
*Sacret Morlot*  
*N.º 265.*

*En uso de la facultad otorgada por el -*  
*art. 13 de la Ley de Organización Militar*  
*considerando los servicios que á la Re-*  
*publica de Independencia de Cuba ha pres-*  
*tado el ciudadano*

*Grover Flint,*  
*este Puertel es el de confiere el empleo*  
*Militar de*

*Comandante Hon.*  
*del Ejercito Constituido de Cuba.*  
*Palma Grande Abril 30/1896 -*

*El Sr. Jefe de la División*  
*me saca el nombre*

FAC-SIMILE OF GROVER FLINT'S COMMISSION OF MAJOR IN THE INSURGENT ARMY.

"The security of the country encouraged majaces, and Gomez despatched parties in all directions to 'round them up.' Every evening a silent, abashed line was drawn up before headquarters, while officers, soldiers, and asistentes crowded in anticipation of the lecture to come. Finally Gomez would come out from under his piece of canvas with a towel in one hand that served for a handkerchief, and look them through from under his bushy gray eyebrows, with his hawk's eye.

#### GOMEZ' SPEECH TO COWARDS.

"Ah-h-h, ma-ja-ces, neat, well-fed, ma-ja-ces, living in hous-es, on fresh pork and chicken and milk, the food of the women and children, swindling the republic, what do you do for the fatherland?"

"Do you wear the weapons of the republic for ornaments, and ride her horses for pleasure?"

"You, you say your father was dying, and you left your force to be with him in December, and it is now May and he is still dying? And you over there, you with the face of a guerrillero, you say you were wounded. Look at my men. Every one of them is wounded. I am wounded. I will have the surgeon examine us and see which is the sicker man, you or I."

"You deceive the republic, but you do not deceive me. I will make you serve your country, if only as examples for others. I will keep my eye on every single one of you."

"Officer of the day, take these men to the impedimenta, make them walk with the infantry."

Such faithful reporting as this throws valuable side lights on the chief characters in the struggle:

#### HOW GOMEZ REGARDS THE UNITED STATES.

"Gomez had long since ceased to count on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition I heard him say, 'I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain; it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come.'"

"Gomez distrusted Americans. He thought them mere sharpers. 'They con-

tinually fill their newspapers with sympathy for our cause,' he would say, 'but what do they do? They sell us arms at good round prices,—as readily as they sell supplies to the Spaniards, who oppress us; but they never gave us a thing—not even a rifle.'"

"Gomez held the old-fashioned theory of the moral responsibility of journalism. He did not realize that successful newspapers are struck off nowadays like so much calico, with no other moral purpose in view than an extensive sale. Gomez held the editor of the *New York Herald* in extreme contempt. 'The fellow [*el tio ese*] publishes news in one column that is favorable to us, in another he calls us brigands; can he not take one side or the other, or none at all, like an honest man?'"

The straightforward character of the author's hero (for Gomez is no less) is stamped on the reader's imagination thus:

"On one occasion, lecturing an officer who was to be tried for cowardice, Gomez turned to the breathless audience clustered behind him. 'A brave man,' he said, 'may be forgiven many things. He may err, he may sin; but there is good in him. I would go down to the infernal regions with a brave man. But a coward cannot be trusted. A coward will lie, a coward will thief, he will abuse women. He—' here Gomez caught the glance of a buxom matron who had come, with her two dark-eyed daughters, sight-seeing, to camp. 'He would be an old goat [*cabron*], he would let another man make love to his wife.'"

We cannot stop for more about Gomez. Here is the man as he revealed himself to the frank eyes of an American. The reader must be utterly blasé who will not accept him from Mr. Flint's hands as a rather fine old hero. The morale of the forces under Gomez as revealed in the book is of a character unrivalled in modern times. This may seem an extraordinary statement, but nearly every page of the book will bear it out. That an army inadequately armed and clothed, as to some divisions a very Falstaffian brigade, changing its base almost daily and engaged in the most irregular campaigns on record, should have been maintained at the highest standard of

moral discipline seems almost incredible. Yet such is the fact, and it is unquestionable that to this alone the ultimate success of the insurgents' cause will be chiefly credited.

#### REMARKABLE DISCIPLINE AMONG THE INSURGENTS.

The severest penalties were imposed for what in times of peace could scarcely be regarded as offenses.

Drunkenness and license were almost unknown under Gomez. Confiscated liquors were brought into camp and poured out upon the ground. Rapine was punished even in the case of officers with immediate court-martial and death. The treatment of prisoners alone is deserving a tribute in history. These things have been told about before, but this plain tale of a correspondent stamps them upon the reader's mind. But what must render the book of inspiring interest to the general reader, is that the element of personal danger broods like a demon over the whole scene. Mr. Flint is particularly honest in this connection. His thrilling incidents are related in the simple, straightforward way that is the keynote of his manner throughout the whole book. But the reader who really cares for that sort of thing can rest assured that his appetite will be satisfied. The author's temper in the treatment of the most revolting details cannot be too highly commended. While detracting nothing from the actual truth he has yet with pen and pencil succeeded in presenting the facts as they are, in such a way that the moral always survives the shock. Here is the style in which the most trying scene of all—"after the battle" is described:

#### THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

"6 P. M.—I rode over the camp this afternoon. There were fully twenty dead horses and mules, and I have counted ten graves, each evidently containing a number of Spanish soldiers. One of these graves they dug at the last moment, and the bod-

ies in it were only partly covered. There were seven bodies thrown in crosswise, any way at all, and protruding hands and feet and faces could be seen between loose clods of earth.

"A soldier of the advance guard found a new pair of boots on one of the dead, and pulled him out to remove them. The rest were disinterred in hopes of another stroke of luck. One of the seven was wrapped in a good mackintosh coat and looked like an officer. All were put back, however; but carelessly, as before.



THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

"I sketched the grave as I saw it. One face was uncovered,—that of a negro, evidently of the guerilla cavalry. His eyes were wide open, with a dull stare in them, and he must have died suddenly. Those eyes stared from the heap until one of the men, with a 'caramba!' tore a double handful of grass up by the roots and slapped it over the face, covering it. At a very conservative estimate, the Spaniards buried sixty men, for some of these graves were larger than the one we opened. Some graves near the house were concealed by boards thrown over them. Possibly there were graves that escaped my notice. The regulars were in too much of a hurry even

to fire the house. Bits of bloody clothing, torn rags of blankets, empty cigarette packages, and pasteboard packages such as the Mauser ammunition is served in, were scattered all about. Empty sardine tins everywhere, seemed to be the only traces of quartermaster supplies on the field. Wherever there were stones or logs or mounds, they had been utilized as breast-works for soldiers who had burrowed behind them. Throughout the camp, trees were barked and scarred. Behind the body of one dead horse, a prop had been placed, and the crushed grass showed that a soldier had taken refuge there."

#### PERSONAL DANGER.

One out of dozens of "close calls" of the writer himself is thus mentioned:

"Captain Garcia, of Tampa, Florida, General Castillo's aide, and I have been sitting with our backs against a fat palm tree. A moment ago Castillo beckoned, and Garcia jumped up and ran to him. He had just left when a Mauser bullet snapped into the tree, quite low, where he had been sitting. Had Garcia remained, the bullet would have pierced his abdomen and killed him. As it was, it pierced on its way the instep of a man who was walking by. The man is irritated, but not painfully hurt."

The Itinerant Government and what there was of Cuba Libre itself at that time is presented by a close observing eye witness.

And more than all, by looking a little between the lines the reflective reader gets the actual truth as to the whole people; we

are, as this is written, on the verge of declaring warfare. This is the great service—a unique one; one that has only been performed once and can never be performed again, because events have changed and are changing daily, that Major Flint in the "Marching With Gomez" has performed for the American people.

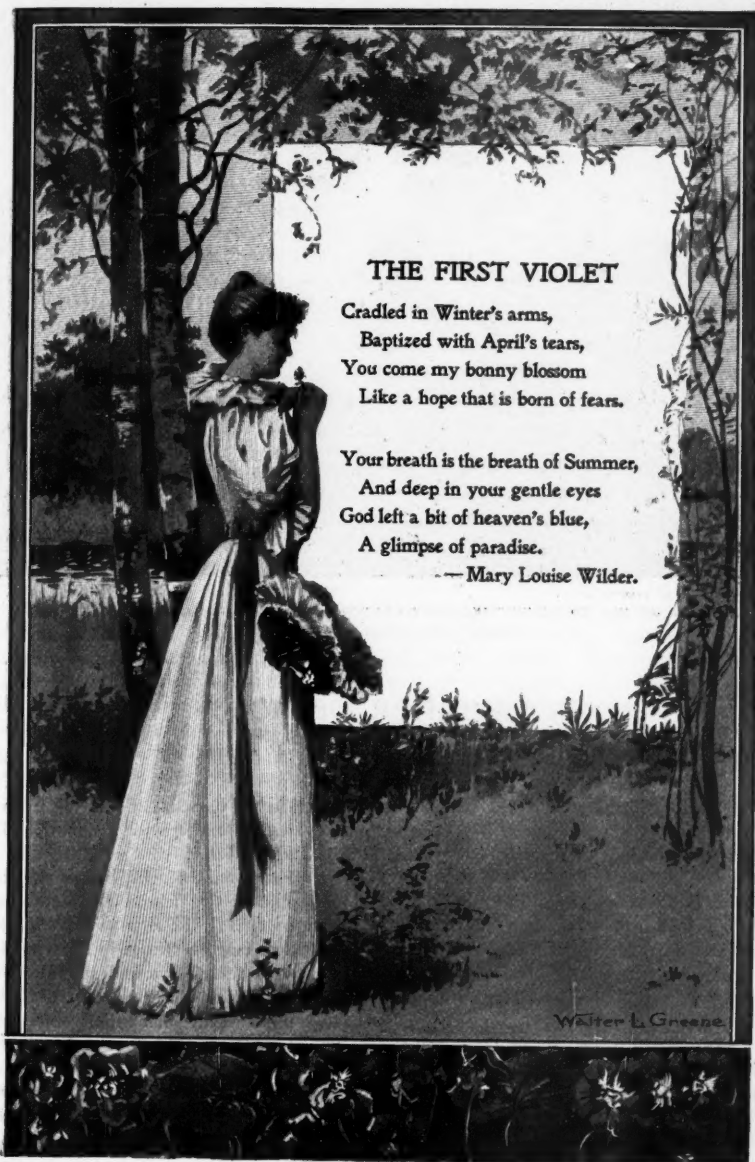
#### WHAT MR. FLINT'S BOOK STANDS FOR.

We could go on making extracts from such a book indefinitely. It is written in the free, open manner without any attempt at a scholastic style that the reader when he allows himself a moment's reflection, accepts as the very perfection of style. Mr. Flint has had considerable experience in journalism but there are only hints of "newspaperese" here and there, and these are smothered in the continual sense of the fresh vital interest the writer has taken in telling his story. With infinitely greater claims to literary distinction (in fact Mr. Flint had none at all) Mr. Richard Harding Davis has given us in his "Cuba in War Time" a book that will in no sense take rank with "Marching With Gomez." It is a compact and well-planned production that makes a strong bid for consideration among the classics of war literature.

The text and the pictures together make a book which rises in honest elemental fashion to the dignity of uniqueness.

The author himself, an adventurer of a high type, is so full of the sense of the picturesque, stirring life he has written about, that the tale bears all the interest of a standard story-book.





### THE FIRST VIOLET

Cradled in Winter's arms,  
Baptized with April's tears,  
You come my bonny blossom  
Like a hope that is born of fears.

Your breath is the breath of Summer,  
And deep in your gentle eyes  
God left a bit of heaven's blue,  
A glimpse of paradise.

— Mary Louise Wilder.

Walter L. Greene





FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

"ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE, OR TO RETURN FROM FOLLOWING AFTER THEE, FOR WHERE THOU GOEST, I WILL GO."

## A DAUGHTER OF MOAB'

BY CHARLES A. DICKINSON, D. D.

"True friends, like ivy and the wall it  
props,  
Both stand together, or together fall."

**I**T was in the days when those mighty heroes and leaders of men called the Judges swayed the destinies of Israel; those men who waged no wars, and smote no foes, but who by the sheer force of their political genius raised the Hebrew nation to a position of peerless influence, and made it the forerunner and type of the most powerful and stable governments of the world.

It was in the days when commerce was limited, and communication between different countries was difficult, and Red Cross movements, and relief expeditions, and Clara Bartons were not even dreamed of;

and so when a long famine struck even a narrow region there was little hope for those who lived in it.

Horrors unspeakable flit before the imagination as the eye beholds the pictures of the famine victims in India, or follows the report of the ceaseless tragedy in Armenia, or the awful devastation and starvation in Cuba; but mingled with these horrors, like the white winged messengers of light among the grim spectres of death, are the blessed ministries of the nations who have grasped the great truth which was unknown in the days of the Judges, the brotherhood of man. There were the same horrors in those early days, but nothing to relieve them save the precarious flight to a land where the breath of the drought was not felt.



An awful famine had scorched the tender green of Judah's plains, and brought desolation into the homes and hearts of the people. It was not, however, the design of the writer of our story to picture its tragedies. He only suggests them by a single heavy stroke of his pen, while he dashes off to the more joyous task of reporting the flight of one famine-stricken family to a land of harvests.

A father, a mother, and two sons leave their home in Bethlehem, and make their way as best they can to the land of Moab.

A bad place to be driven to, most men in Judah would have said; for Moab had a most unsavory reputation. It was the home of bad gods and worse men. To Jewish eyes its long irregular line of hills over against the southeastern sky was as the edge of Tophet. Quite contrary, however, to all of the impressions which we get concerning the accursed race of Moab from the other fragments of their history which have come to us is this pleasant picture, flashed upon us from the famine cloud which hangs dark over Judah. From drought and distress we come to fruitful fields and full larders. From streets where men and women, mad with hunger, are clamoring for bread, to a land where jocund plenty sings in field and home.

Elimelech was the man who was driven into Moab by the famine. He had a good wife whose name was Naomi; and two sons, each of whom was charmed by a fair daughter of Moab, and constrained to marry her. Mahlon, the older son, cast in his lot with Ruth, the heroine of our story; and Chilion, the younger, gave his hand and heart to Orpah. Wild olive branches were these young maidens grafted upon the stock of the true Israel, but destined ere long to be severed from the hearts into which they had grown by the rough hand of the death angel.

A strange fatality seemed to follow the house of Elimelech. He and both of his sons died within ten years after their arrival in Moab; and Naomi, widowed and sonless, began to yearn for her old home at Bethlehem, a natural feeling which comes to almost every sojourner in a strange land. We can be happy almost anywhere with our loved ones near us, but

when they are taken the heart flies back to the places where we first knew and loved them. Naomi had left to her still her sons' wives, and unlike the traditional mother-in-law she seemed to have a sincere affection for both of them, and at first she desired to take them back to her own home with her; but for some reason after the journey was begun she thought best to dissuade them from going. Perhaps on reflection it seemed to her that she was selfish in expecting them to share with her the poverty and hardships which she knew must be awaiting her in Bethlehem. Perhaps she thought of the mother-hearts that would be left desolate in Moab if Orpah and Ruth should be seen there no more. At any rate she said to them: "Go, return each to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." It cost her many a heart pang to say these words. It was like clipping off the last two blossoms which were left on her stalk of earthly happiness; but believing that it was her duty to bear her life sorrow alone rather than to allow it to shadow another life, she kissed them fondly, and refusing to yield to their pleadings and their tears, insisted upon going without them. Then came the heart struggle on the part of the two daughters. Then came the test of love against the command of love.

"Surely we will return with thee unto thy people," said they both, and at first both meant what they said; but the impulse of the one carried her no farther than the boundaries of Moab. It was not strong enough to take her across the line into Judah. Orpah decided to go back; while Ruth, throwing her arms around Naomi, exclaimed with streaming eyes: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

A wonderful picture which has furnished a masterpiece for many a genius. "Naomi with eyes full of eager entreaty, and lips quivering with pain; Orpah moved to weeping, yet perplexed, wondering what decision to make, and casting a glance ever and anon back on the road they have

come; Ruth standing grasping her mother's hand with unwavering resolve in every line of her face and attitude. It is a sacred moment, an hour of suspense, on which depends a future that no prophet's eye hath discerned." Like a stream divided, their lives were to flow on apart. Orpah alone. The current of her thoughts and affections to move on in the ways of Moab, through flowery fields, perhaps, but alone, and with many a regret for the friendship which her faint heart had lacked the strength to hold. Ruth and Naomi together, toward rugged Judah, and for a time through flowerless fields, but bearing within the mingled waters of their lives that flavor of flowers more sweet than the perfume of the myrrh of Moab, a deathless love.

"So they to went until they came to Bethlehem." As Bunyan would say: "They went lovingly on together and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage." And yet how different the thoughts and emotions of these two widows as hand in hand they came to Bethlehem, "The House of Bread." The one was returning to the scene of joys long dead, to a house emptied of all that made it home, to associations which would stir up regrets, and heart aches, and quiet tears. The other was coming to new scenes and unaccustomed hardships which would be endurable only because of the love which bound her to her dead husband and his mother.

Their coming was the town talk in Bethlehem. "The city was moved about them, and said, 'Is this Naomi?'" Could it be possible that this lone, sad-faced woman was she who carried her head so high among them a few years ago? How quickly is a river of riches drained dry! How quickly the rose withers!

Just why the city was moved we do not learn. Possibly because they thought she had come back to be a town charge; for little of this world's goods had she to show, and only an obscure Moabite for a friend and retainer. But Naomi was in no wise offended by her inquisitive and somewhat obtrusive neighbors, who evidently delighted as some of their successors do in greeting their friends with such cheerful exclamations as, "How sick you look!

How you have failed since I saw you last!" Sadly conscious of the change in her life she said to them:

"Call me not Naomi. Call me Mara; not the pleasant one but the sorrowful one. I went out full but the Lord hath brought me home again empty." A discouraged, broken spirit breathes in every word. How changed would these words have been could Naomi have looked forward some thirteen centuries, and have seen what she was really bringing home with her in the person of her daughter-in-law. Even a much nearer look into the future would have changed her *miserere* into a *magnificat*. Empty, when bound into her life, interwoven with her heart's core was the life of the one woman who held within her the potentialities of Israel's glory, and the possibilities of a redeemed race! Ah, poor Mara! How short-sighted, how human! But it is not to be wondered at. Many a discouraged one has misnamed himself as did this broken hearted woman.

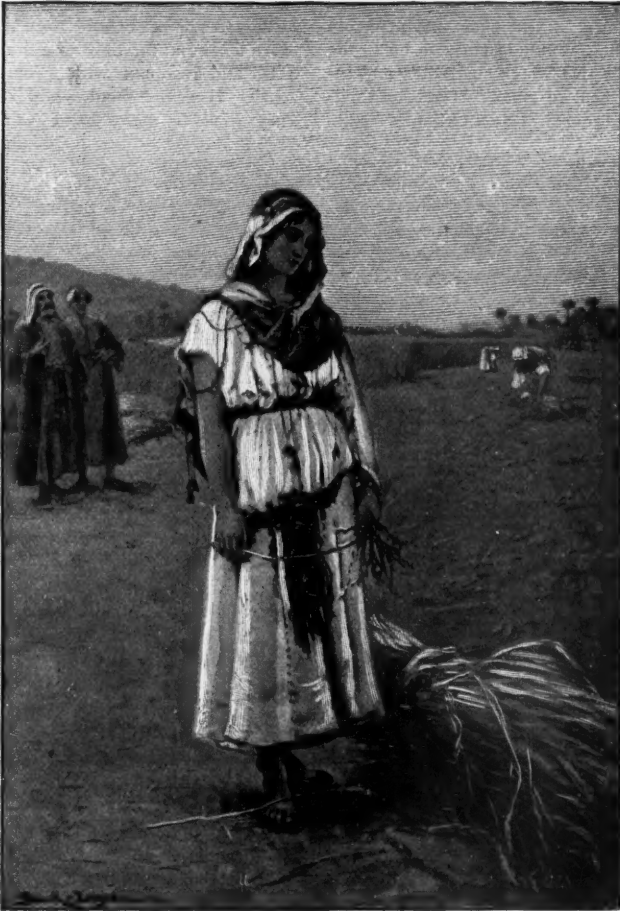
Some lives, like the sunshine, are more noticed in what they produce than in what they are. We see and enjoy the violet, but think little of the sunbeams which produce its color and fragrance. It is Ruth and not Naomi who receives the attention of the world. The Book itself is named for her, and yet it was Naomi who made it possible. Ruth clave to her as the ivy cleaves to the wall, and took from her the contour of her character.

Although the two widows had come to "The House of Bread," they had little bread of their own; and they found themselves in the midst of a critical and unsympathetic townspeople, most of whom were disposed to say of Naomi's calamities, "It served her right. She had no business going into Moab." But the women must eat if they would live, and as they were too poor to buy bread, and too honest to steal it, and too proud to beg it, they resorted to the one other way left to a poor Israelite in those days; a way which reveals the great heart of God in the Old Testament law, and shows how he is ever mindful of the poor and needy. According to the statutes of Israel the poor always had the right to glean after the reap-

ers in the field, to satisfy their hunger in the vineyard, and to take for their own use the product of the land in its every seventh year of rest.

Taking advantage of this law, Ruth

where to go. She hoped that she might find a good field and kind hearted reapers. She shrank from the rough ways and the possible insults of the men, but stern necessity was upon her, and poverty and



FROM A PAINTING BY BRUCK-LAJOS.

"SEEING HER AT A DISTANCE, HIS HEART UNCONSCIOUSLY BOWED TO HIS COMING QUEEN."

starts out to glean a scant living for herself and Naomi among the reapers, as it was the beginning of the barley harvest, little thinking that she was to find among the gleanings a husband and the father of Israel's greatest kings. She knew not

hunger cannot afford to be fastidious. In some way, she knew not how, "her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

Casually looking upon the many lovely

scenes in and around Bethlehem on that bright Autumn morning, we might not be able to select that one field which belonged to Boaz, and say: "This bit of harvest land, with its bending grain and level threshing floor, is destined to play a larger part in the world's drama than Waterloo or Gettysburg." But such was probably the case. A strangely fascinating bit of the old globe is that which surrounds and includes the field of Boaz. Here Ruth's illustrious grandson David, when a ruddy

Here, after his brilliant rise to glory, he returned a fugitive and outcast with a great desire to drink from the old well where his grandmother Ruth had probably quenched her thirst as she went to glean with the reapers.

And then looking down the centuries a little farther we behold these fields as it were bathed in the light of a thousand sunsets, and resonant with a music not of earth. Here the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, "And lo the Angel of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE FIELD WHERE THE VISION APPEARED TO THE SHEPHERDS.

faced athletic boy, tended his sheep and composed poetry which he sang to his own improvisations upon the pipe and harp. Here with grave front and iron muscle he encountered the lion and the bear, and plucked the prey from their bloody jaws. Here he dreamed his dreams of future greatness, and gathered the material which he afterwards transmuted into the Psalms which have comforted the hearts of the millions. Here he laid the foundations of that character and genius which were to puzzle and dazzle the world.

the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and in their astonished ears were sounded the tidings of the birth of another descendant of Ruth, the Moabitess, even the promised Messiah.

Wonderful fields indeed! Fortunate Ruth whose hap was to light upon them; for there, through her, the blood of the Gentile and the Jewish worlds was to flow together and bring forth the universal Saviour.

On the morning of our story the field of

Boaz lies in its late summer beauty, the dew sparkling on tree and harvest, the air about it full of ozone, the sky above it cloudless and blue. And see, there go the reapers, a joyous company, behind whom "as armed with peaceful steel they go down in lines on the golden corn, come straggling gleaners. God's peculiar care, the poor, the infirm, widows, orphans, and little children." And among the gleaners is our Moabitess, modest, industrious, a favorite among those who knew her, and compelling the attention even of strangers by her beautiful face and quiet dignity. How can we better describe her than by using Hood's words:

"She stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.  
On her cheek an Autumn flush  
Deeply ripened—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.  
Round dark eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright;  
Thus she stood among the stooks  
Praising God with sweetest looks."

With such a vision in his barley field we do not wonder that the wealthy owner of it was finally constrained to say:

"Heaven did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean.  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home."

But this is anticipating the sequel. The wealthy proprietor of the field is a man who at once wins our respect by the downright integrity of his character. Rich though he is, he is not too proud to work. See him there among the workmen. His presence neither brings scowls to the brows of the reapers, nor bitterness into their speech. His face has in it the freshness and cheer of the dawn. Even the children who have come with their mothers run to meet him.

"The Lord be with you," is his salutation; and as his hearty greeting rings over the field the reapers straighten up from over their toil, and with a smile on their

sweaty faces cry out as heartily: "The Lord bless thee."

More beautiful than the morning, with its bird notes enlivening the fields, and its rustle of the golden headed grain in response to the breezes which play among it, are these greetings of the master and his laborers. Boaz had a heart which was moved by a desire to give as well as to get; to give of itself to them who lacked what itself could give. He made his interests common with those of the common people; and he remembered that inasmuch as he had more of the advantages which make for liberality and reason, he was under an obligation to be more forbearing with ignorance and unreason.

Such was the man who met his fate, and the fate of his nation, in the sparkling eyes of one of his gleaners.

Seeing her at a distance, his heart unconsciously bowed to its coming queen.

"Whose damsel is this?" he asked, turning to the head reaper.

"It is the Moabitish damsel who came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab," was the answer.

By this time he was face to face with the young woman herself. Their eyes met. His own were filled with kindness, and his voice was the voice of one who is speaking from the heart. "Go not to glean in another field," he said, "neither go from hence; but abide here fast by my maidens."

Ruth, overcome by his kindness, bows low before him and wonders much why he should be so interested in a stranger. He tells her that he has heard of her great love for his kinswoman Naomi, and adds feelingly: "May a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Then turning to the young men whose sharp sickles were sweeping through the standing grain, he said to them:

"Let her glean among the sheaves, and let fall some of the handfuls, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not."

This was a favoritism which doubtless astonished the young men as much as it did Ruth herself; and possibly set on the wing throughout the field a little good na-



tured gossip. But the reapers fell in with the master's mood, and at night Ruth had as the result of her day's work about an ephah of barley which she took home to Naomi, and with it the story of her day's adventure. Which pleased Naomi most, the barley or the story, it is easy enough to tell. She discerned in the story a promise not only of many an ephah of barley, but the possible possession of the owner of the barley field himself; and hereon hangs a maternal ruse which to those unfamiliar with the customs of that age might seem to be somewhat questionable, but which evidently in those days were considered both proper and praiseworthy.

Marriage in the year 1312 B. C. was not what it is in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, and the conditions determining it were quite different. It is true that thrifty mothers, then as now, played no small part in the matrimonial alliances of their daughters, and pecuniary and social considerations often outweighed sentiment in determining choices. But marriage as a rule in those times was a very unromantic, commonplace, business affair, especially when the conditions were such as Naomi and Ruth were living under.

The ownership of land in those days was also a very different thing from what it is to-day. In Israel, God was acknowledged as the owner of all the land. The possessor of a lot was supposed to hold merely the use of it. He could not sell the land at will, but it was to remain forever in his family. If for any reason, such as poverty, he was obliged to part with the use of it, it became the duty of his nearest relative to redeem it. If it was not thus redeemed it came back by law to the family in the year of Jubilee.

Connected with this custom concerning the possession of land was another relating to marriage. If an Israelite who had been married died childless, it was the duty of the brother to marry the widow, and if of this union a son was born he became the legal heir to the first husband's inheritance. If there was no brother to marry the widow, then the next nearest of kin was expected to perform the duty.

It seems that Elimelech, Naomi's hus-

band, had a field in Bethlehem which poverty had compelled Naomi to dispose of. This field belonged by right to Mahlon after Elimelech's death, but Mahlon having died, it was still out of the hands of the family. Naomi, who was evidently of a very practical turn of mind, thought that by interesting her husband's wealthy kinsman in Mahlon's widow they might find a happy solution to all of their pecuniary, real estate, and domestic problems. "For," said she to herself, "if Boaz, who is a near kinsman, should marry Ruth, he would not only honor and perpetuate my dead Mahlon's name according to the divine law, but he would redeem the family field and return it to us;" all of which, and the strategem which the good woman devised for realizing it, were in strict conformity to the most orthodox conventionalities of those times.

And this was her plan. In the height of the harvest time, when the work was pressing, it was the custom of the harvester to work late into the night, beating out and winnowing on the threshing floor the products of the day's reaping in the field; and not unfrequently did the master and some of his servants sleep all night on the threshing floor in order to protect the great pile of winnowed grain against the thieves who were common in that region. Sometimes when the owner lived at a distance he and members of his family made a temporary home in the harvest field, camping out nights among the sheaves.

This is a common custom in Palestine even in this century. One traveller states that he has seen the farmers there camping on the *baiders* or grain floors; and that it is not unusual for husband and wife and all the family to live in this gypsy way throughout the harvest season.

Naomi, knowing that Boaz was in the habit not only of mingling with his reapers during the day, but of working and sleeping with them under the harvest moon, planned to bring her matrimonial scheme to a crisis in a somewhat dramatic manner. She instructed Ruth to array herself fittingly and go down to the threshing floor where Boaz and his reapers were camping, and suddenly to appear to him while he was sleeping among his win-



nowed corn. Ruth did as she had been directed; and making her way silently in the moonlight among the sheaves and the recumbent reapers, she prostrated herself at the feet of the good man whose life, and

startled, but being a man of sense and self-possession, he soon took in the situation, listened to Ruth's appeal for recognition and protection, and instead of being offended or at all shocked by her method of



FROM A PAINTING BY B. FLOCKHORST.

THE APPARITION TO THE SHEPHERDS.—“BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD  
TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”

fortune, and protection she confidently believed it was her legal right to share. It is not to be much wondered at that Boaz when aroused at the midnight hour by this gentle apparition was at first a good deal

making it, seemed to think that she had done a most natural and praiseworthy thing.

“Blessed be thou of the Lord my daughter,” he tenderly said to her, “thou hast

made thy later love better than the earlier that thou has not gone after young men whether poor or rich; and now my daughter fear not, for all that thou sayest I will do to thee, for the whole gate of my people knoweth thou art a virtuous woman."

It seems, however, that Naomi had made a mistake in thinking that Boaz was Mahlon's nearest living kinsman. He knew of a nearer relative than himself who was living at Bethlehem, and who had a prior claim to Ruth and to Mahlon's land if he chose to assert it.

"There is a nearer redeemer than I," said he. "In the morning if he will redeem thee, well; if not, I will do it, as truly as Jehovah liveth." And so in the early gray of the dawn, before the sleepers who were scattered around the pile of corn had fairly got their eyes open, Boaz said to her:

"Bring the cloak which thou hast on and hold it open."

And he poured into the improvised bag which she made of one corner of it, six measures of barley, and sent her home.

Naomi, on hearing Ruth's story, was much pleased with the progress of her plan and advised her to sit still and wait for developments. "For," said she confidently, "the man will not rest till he has carried the affair to an end this day."

And she was not mistaken. Boaz, moved on the one hand by his genuine affection for the fair Moabitess who had been so strangely brought into his life, and on the other hand by his sense of a duty which he felt that he owed to a kinsman whose legal right to the prize was prior to his own, set himself at once to learn whether he or another should be the favored man. It was a momentous occasion; a day pregnant with mighty destinies. But there were no signs of its importance flaring in the sky which spread its blue arch over quiet little Bethlehem; and there was not the slightest suspicion of its superiority over other days in the minds of the simple work-folk of the city, who, up betimes with the sun, were starting off with their laden beasts for Jerusalem, or hastening to their work in the fields.

Hardly had the sun set the east aflame,

and tipped with gold the Bethlehem hills, when Boaz appeared at the city gate in the broad, open space in which it was the custom of the people to congregate to discuss public questions and transact matters of business. Here the citizens sat and gossiped on the stone steps. Here the judges dispensed justice. Here passed the motley throng on their various errands of duty or pleasure from dawn till late at night. Here Boaz stationed himself in a conspicuous position to search for the man who held the key to his fate.

Eagerly he scanned the faces of the passing crowd. Hope and fear born of love started strange queries in his just soul. He hoped that he might not find the kinsman. He feared that he might. If he should find him, he feared that he might claim Ruth, but he hoped that he would not; and withal he knew that he could find him and must find him, and abide by the issue. He did not have long to wait. The man soon passed that way. As Boaz recognized him he stood up and accosted him, saying:

"Ho, such a one. Turn aside. Sit down here."

A remarkable salutation, and strikingly suggestive of the self-invoked oblivion which was about to overtake the kinsman, who in his eager efforts to save his name managed to lose it so completely that not even the record which tells of his foolish prudence gives us any idea as to who he was.

Turning aside, he sat down; and Boaz having summoned ten of the elders of the town to witness the business which he had in hand, said to him:

"I want to talk with you about that field which belonged to our relative Elimelech. It must be redeemed as you know for a certain sum of money, and either you or I must redeem it; but the redemption of it involves the marrying of Mahlon's widow, the Moabitess. Do you feel like taking this step?"

The man evidently coveted the land. He was eager for fame and the remembrance which a large inheritance would give, but he feared that his name would be lost if he did what the law required him to do, and married Mahlon's widow, since in that

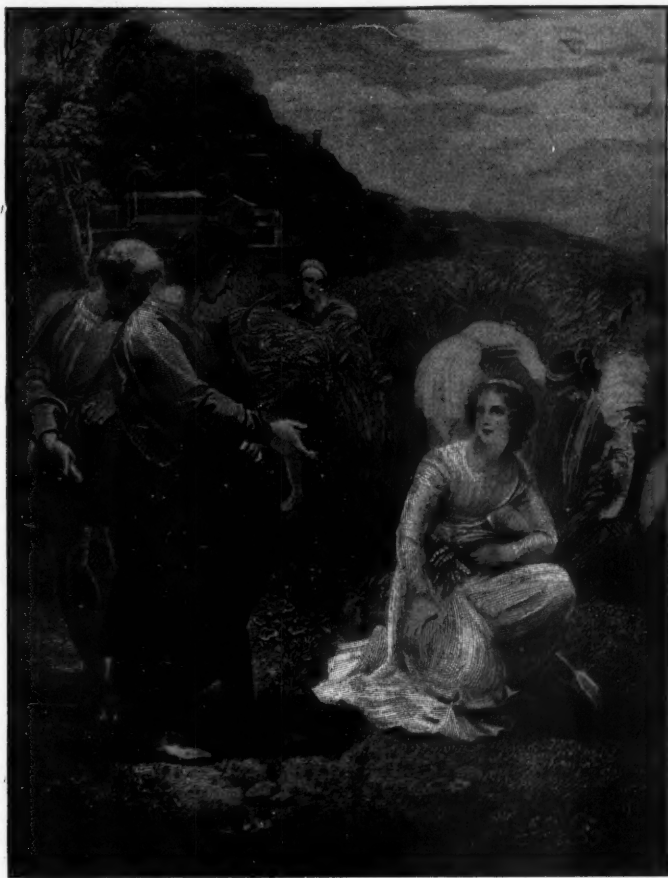
case his children would be named after Mahlon's line and not his own.

"I cannot redeem it for myself," said he, "lest I mar my own inheritance."

And his over-cautiousness was probably the thing which determined Israel's glory, for certainly the peerless Ruth united to

withdrew into the crowd, little knowing what portentous destinies had been decided by his choice, and little dreaming that in spite of his efforts to immortalize his name, posterity would know him only as the anonymous kinsman, "such a one."

And now comes the climax of the story,



FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS STOTHARD.

"BLESSED BE THOU OF THE LORD MY DAUGHTER," HE TENDERLY SAID TO HER.

this small souled and nameless self-seeker could not have been the ancestress of the Davidic line.

As a sign that he gave up all of his claims to the land and to Ruth, the kinsman took off his shoe, and said to Boaz: "Buy the land yourself," and with that he

the public marriage of Boaz and Ruth. The world ought to have stood still, the trees to have clapped their hands, and the stars to have sung together during these nuptials of the Jew and Gentile. The heavens might well have parted above the Bethlehem gate, and have showered joy-

ous melodies over the little city, for down through the ages men and angels were to sing over the issues of that wedding day. But there were no supernatural manifestations, and apparently very little display of any kind over the event. There were no wedding bells, no costly apparel, no splendid equipages, no flowers, to grace the union of these ancestors of kings. Indeed the ceremony had all the appearance of a very commonplace, business transaction. One cannot help wishing that the story might have ended with a rural wedding on the moon-lit threshing floor, amid a joyous company of friends with garlands and songs. But that would have been an anachronism. The thing to do was doubtless the thing that was done. In the early part of the day, with the groom standing up at the city gate before the elders and the people, and the bride sitting quietly at home, the marriage was consummated.

"Ye are witnesses," said the groom to his fellow-townsmen, "that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and have taken Ruth to my wife."

And the elders and the people answered solemnly: "We are. The Lord make the woman that is to come into thy house like Rachel and Leah, and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem."

This was the voice of the people and the voice of God. They twain from that time forth were one flesh.

While this wedding, from the standpoint of the Bethlehem gate, was apparently a one-sided matter, and seemed much like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, there was no question about it being fully sanctioned in the house of Naomi. Both mother and daughter were probably as much pleased with this simple way of joining the two houses, as they would have been had they lived under modern customs,

with the wearisome formalities and elaborateness of the fashionable wedding.

So Boaz took Ruth and she was his wife. Ruth exchanged her poverty for wealth. The reapers behind whom she had gleaned became her servants, and the townfolks who once pitied her as a lone Moabite, now looked up to her with respect, mingled here and there with an alloy of envy, for it is the lot of all who rise through worth or otherwise to make some hearts in the community bitter and some eyes green.

But is safe to say that Ruth was by most people esteemed worthy of her good fortune, and that she bore it with that unselfish grace which is always the surest amulet against the evil eye.

Her's was a true heart, a heart to trust in time of stress and storm, a heart to lean upon and hide in. Like the vast translucent ocean of amber ether which stretches far out to the gates of the sunset, and seems to hold floating upon its bosom great islands of gold and crimson, so the all embracing love in her character gave to it its form and tone, and held as it were in multi-colored beauty all the other virtues and graces which adorned her life.

In course of time a great event occurred in the home of Ruth and Boaz. Naomi, who had said, "The Lord hath brought me home empty," received into her arms a little grandson. She entertained

"A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon;  
A royal guest with flaxen hair."

And this is the way the Scriptures sum up the treasure which she held to her bosom.

"And the women her neighbors gave it a name, saying, there is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed. He is the father of Jesse the father of David."



# CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

*Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.*

## A PROGNOSIS

NO phrase is so dear to many people as "the good old days of our grandmothers," and it is expected that one should join in the refrain and sigh for their return. Doubtless they held much that was good and wholesome, but which of us envies her grandmother who knew not the delights of the "Monday Club" or the "Sesame?" Not I.

We are living in a club age, especially an age of woman's clubs. Why they are so numerous, or why they exist at all, and what are their benefits are questions each of us would perhaps answer differently. For my own delectation, I have done a little figuring, the results of which may interest you.

Food and clothes are among the indispensables of life, and dish-washing, bed-making and a certain amount of exercise with broom and dustpan, have become necessary evils. If woman lives the three score years and ten allotted to man, and is blessed with health and energy and denied unlimited wealth, during her sixty years of household activity, (for at ten one is supposed to be an expert dish-washer), she washes dishes 67,500 times approximately. After experimenting on a few thousand meals, learning how, she will cook during fifty years 54,750 meals, exclusive of the necessary three for each extra day of the leap years occurring during that period, and one's arms ache even with the thought of all the sweeping and dusting, which give her all the physical culture she needs.

In estimating population each family is supposed to average five, so this much-enduring woman dresses her children something more than 30,000 times, barring accidents, which, we are told, "happen in

all well-regulated families," and none of us will confess to belonging to any other kind. Of course none of these children will consent to being defrauded of any of their birthrights, and in succession, or all together, they must be nursed through measles, croup, chicken-pox, whooping cough and mumps. Clothing—a souvenir of the first garden party—must be provided and during intervals the tired woman puts the stitches into hundreds and hundreds of necessary garments.

Are you amazed that you have so long survived? And you, standing just at the beginning of this weary way, are you debating within yourself whether suicide is not sometimes justifiable?

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Of a truth, it is not because a woman has nothing else to do that she joins a club, but rather, because she has so much. Her days pass in an endless routine, and tired brain and starved mind demand relaxation and food, and this she finds in her club. Contact with other minds brightens and broadens her own. Her social needs are satisfied, and in the change from home work her weary body finds needed rest. Women's clubs are more than a fad; they have come to stay, but the reason for their existence lies even deeper than I have thus far indicated, and with due apologies to Olive Schreiner, I will give you my conception of it:

I slept and as I slept, I dreamed. And in my dreams I saw a plain without a human habitation, but across the dreary waste came slowly a man—a man so majestic and kingly that my very soul was awed. Then he smiled and I was no longer afraid.

"Come," he said. We journeyed on and



on, until, at length, we came to a large city, a monstrous place it seemed to me; for as we stood in one of the streets the blue sky was shut out by the towering buildings, and I felt as if I were buried. All about us swarmed ragged children with faces pinched and wan, their tender baby flesh that should have been so softly, rosilily pink, was grimed with dirt and too often blackened with bruises.

"Do not their fathers and mothers love them?" I asked, and he answered: "The demon destroys love." "Where is this demon," I asked, and he pointed to an open door. I looked within and saw glittering mirrors and rows on rows of shining bottles.

Bewildered, I said, "It looks pleasant; I see no demon."

He answered, "It is there."

"Is there no one to destroy it; no one to save these little children?" I asked; and he answered, "Wait."

How I longed to take the children out of the noise and dirt, away from the sin and misery, to let them breathe pure air, see the sky and lie in the grass. I ventured to speak to them of this, but they were dull and unresponsive. How could they understand what they had never seen? I saw women with painted faces and smiling lips, but in their eyes despair and heart-break.

"Is there no one to help them?" I asked again; and again he answered, "Wait."

We went on into a brighter, cleaner part of the city. It seemed like another world. Observing the people as they hurried by, I noted that all the women seemed to be afflicted with a peculiar deformity. The men appeared to be straight and sound and I asked in wonder, "Do only the women grow into this dreadful deformity?" He smiled, and said simply, "Bustles."

Then I noticed their feet, and cried, "Surely those are deformed?"

Again he smiled and said, "French heels."

"But their waists; surely they are deformities? How can they breathe?"

The smile faded. His face grew grave, and he slowly shook his head. "Not a natural deformity, but acquired. It is tor-

ture, but it is also style, and that makes it bearable."

I looked again and pity stirred my heart. "Can nothing be done to stop them?"

"Wait," he said.

Again I looked, and in amazement cried, "Are they barbarians? See, they wear dead bodies of birds and animals on their heads!"

Once more he smiled as he answered, "Style."

Pity fled, but wonder remained. Lost in thought, I forgot my guide and was unconscious of my surroundings. A light touch aroused me. "Look," he said. The ugly city was gone. The sky-scrapers had disappeared. We stood in a beautiful place. The buildings were not more than two stories high. Artists had been their designers and harmony and beauty prevailed. The wide streets were flooded with sunshine and the blue sky smiled above us. Trees and flowers, fountains and singing birds were everywhere.

And the people! It was a joy to look at them, erect, strong and buoyant, clear-eyed and beautiful. The women no longer hobbled on French heels. Unrestricted by style, they breathed deep, full breaths. The unsightly humps had disappeared. Every outline was full of grace, every fold of dress artistic, and every woman had—oh! my sisters, she had—the ballot? I did not ask—I didn't care. I only knew her emancipation was complete, for she had—pockets.

We went everywhere over the city, and everywhere the people were happy. Nothing harmful was there. Saloons were gone. The sidewalks were no longer made impassable with the disgusting brown pools which had defiled the first city of my dreams. We met crowds of happy little children on their way to Kindergarten. And the older ones, healthy and happy, hurried by to their schools.

In my heart I pondered on these things, and my wonder grew and grew, until, at length, my lips gave voice to it. Again my guide smiled his wonderful smile and said, "The women did it. The first picture you saw was life many, many years ago. Every time a woman had an idea



during the past century, she organized. And we had clubs known as 'Decorative Art,' 'Cooking,' 'Sanitation,' 'Good Citizenship,' 'Health,' 'Scientific,' 'Literary,' 'Dress Reform,' 'Home Industry,' in fact, a club for every day in the week, beginning with 'Monday.'

"At first the men laughed at, tolerated, or ignored them. The 'funny man' made fortunes off his so-called jokes on the 'new woman,' while 'mothers-in-law' enjoyed a long and well-earned rest. As time passed, the clubs became more and more practical. Weak ones died. The women grew more and more in earnest.

"The results you see in the improved conditions. Every child has a home. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are universally recognized. Women's clubs did more than anything else to bring to us the long-looked-for millenium in which we are now living. All hail to women's clubs!"

I woke and, waking, laughed, for I knew I had "dreamed true."

*Jennie R. Wood.*

AS far back as the time of Socrates there was an intimation of the present conception of woman's sphere. The astute old sage, after years of thoughtful observation, with a clear prophetic voice proclaimed that "Woman once made equal with man cometh his superior." The world is the great book of women. They possess knowledge by an intuition united with a keen observation, which is after all the great source of practical education.

"No amount of preaching, exhortation, sympathy, benevolence will render the condition of our women what it should be so long as the kitchen and needle are substantially their only resource." These are the words of prophecy uttered by Horace Greeley nearly half a century ago, and in the sentiment we detect the tender sympathy born of a true love for his idolized mother; and even Shakespeare (sly fellow) had a reverence for women's wit. He felt that her entry in the domain of every day practical affairs would place man at a most unequal disadvantage. But the conditions sought today are not to supplant

man in the avocations, trades and professions thrown open to women the last fifty years, but rather supplement it. The needs of the world expand so as to require more directly the influence of women. Concisely stated, this plan to build a large club house in Boston is born in a truly lofty, as well as a serenely Yankee spirit. Club life is now fixedly a part of the life of the average American woman. It has grown slowly and steadily and permeates every community, rural or urban. Where is there a woman or even an individual who is not acutely or avowedly engaged in some organized civic, religious or charitable work? A hobby some may call it but rather a phillipe to the real pleasure and inspirations of life. Now, this is essentially the age of organization; "joining" or enlisting is not a matter of choice but necessity, consequently, women's clubs as well as men's organizations exist for every known or conceivable purpose. The growth of these various women's club movements has been something tremendous, and as usual Massachusetts has led in the work, and Boston has again asserted its magnetic powers as a Hub. With over twenty thousand club women in the state, and twice that number members of civic, charitable and religious organizations, the question naturally arises, where are the headquarters? An organized force without specific headquarters has lost its effectiveness for systematic effort. This situation presented not a possible, but a pressing, imperative need! The primal instinct of woman first demands a home. In meeting this purpose the Women's Club House Corporation was organized to provide a home for woman workers. A handsome building costing \$250,000 is to be erected with suitable headquarters for the various women's organizations, and they have exemplified a truly self-reliant and practical spirit, in starting out on so strictly and thoroughly a business basis. The building is to be centrally located and will be self-supporting from rentals from the start. The stock subscription-books are thrown open and the opportunity is given, not only for a profitable business investment, but one that is a direct benefit to every women's organization in the State, and

one that exerts a subtle and sweet influence over the home life of our own people. Can the power of our home life as the bulwark of our Nation's strength ever be measured? Even now with a sudden and portentous war-cloud threatening, the patriotism and loyalty of a united America rises equal to any emergency. The secret of it all is in just such movements as the Women's Club House Corporation. No

ism kindled by these Spartan mothers that soon provides a defence more invulnerable, more impregnable than a Gibraltar. If we are to continue in the onward advance of civilization, the stars and stripes floating from the flag-staff of such institutions as the Club House Corporation is a more formidable defence than frowning fortifications along our coasts—because the national home-life is the vital factor in



MRS. ISABELLA A. POTTER.

President Women's Club House Corporation of Boston.

nation in history has ever given the honor and liberty to women such as our own beloved country—the barriers of sex servitude are sundered and it has let the pure strong sunlight of a radiant, reliant and high-minded motherhood into our national home life. It is just this condition of American womanhood typified in just such enterprises as the one represented in woman's work that rest as a fortification against foreign foe. We have the patriot-

crystallizing a high-minded, patriotic citizenship. Coöperation is the order of the day and the project in Boston is builded wisely and firmly upon this solid basis.

Mrs. Isabella A. Potter has succeeded Julia Ward Howe as president of the corporation and it is hoped to have the building in process of construction at a very early day. The enterprise is one that is likely to result in a similar movement in many other states.



#### MR. BILLINGDOCK'S EARTH- QUAKE.

I WAS not introduced to Billingdock conventionally by a mutual friend, but made his acquaintance quite irregularly the afternoon I helped Officer Dooney pull him out of the North River at Pier No. 34. This was several years ago. Mr. Billingdock's dropping in had been wholly unintentional, having resulted from his quite natural error in mistaking the string-piece of the pier for the threshold of the Charing Cross Hotel, his boarding place near at hand in West St. In justice to Mr. Billingdock, I wish to say that his perceptions were temporarily blunted by alcohol taken internally.

I wrote a cheerful item for the paper on which I was employed about his adventure and dismissed the subject. But something about it so pleased Mr. Billingdock that he called to thank me, and, after fighting with the elevator man, chasing two office boys into a closet, threatening a reporter and defying the janitor, he managed to see me and invite me to call upon him at the Charing Cross, offering as my reward to tell me a remarkable story which had sometime in the past been communicated to him by an alleged man named

Reuben. Billingdock's idea was that I could use the story in the paper, which went to show that he did not lie idly and simply for the sake of lying; the purity of his motives is further brought out by the fact that his plan was that I give him half of what I got for the story. Unfortunately, I never used it before this. I ought to say, too, that Billingdock explained that he was a sailor, just in from Hong-Kong, though if you read "Hoboken" in place of "Hong-Kong" you will be nearer the facts in the case. I found the old fraud in a small room at the top of the house. He began his story at once:

"Now this here Reuben I was a-telling you about, is a mighty fine lad. He sailed with me on the last voyage, and his strongest p'int is his truthfulness—his open and innercent truthfulness. He looks you in the eye when he tells you anything," and Billingdock illustrated by concentrating with an effort a watery eye on me which had the effect of making me hope that the eye of Reuben was more suggestive of truthfulness than that of Billingdock. "Right in the eye—right plumb in your weather eye. I shouldn't expect nobody to believe me if I told such things as he tells. But Reuben is so innercent that it never hits him that folks that don't know

him might think he was a-lying. Now, there was the story he told me of the great yearthquake here in New York about '81. Ever hear tell of that yearthquake?"

"Never."

"It ain't much of a story and Reuben 'pologized for taking up my time with it. It were jess an ordinary shake, with a good deal of rumble and h'ist up and down. It done some damage and it done some good, too, so he said. Take in the matter of the streets, for instance; of course, the 'thorities had the pavements ripped up all over town as they al'ays do, and most of the blocks piled on the sidewalks. Well, the yearthquake shook 'em all down and jarred 'em into place and made the pavements better than they ever was before or since. You see it happened in the afternoon when Reuben was a-walking down Broadway, a-parading along in his good clothes, and a-causing painful emotions in the hearts of the fair sect—Reuben's father was rich and lived in Fifth Avenoo in a big, square-rigged house, and Reuben had a nigger to black his boots. Yessir, nigger didn't do nothing else but black Reuben's boots. Reuben would put 'em on and go traipsing about jess reg'larly looking for mud, and all the time that there nigger was to home blacking on another pair. When he got one pair muddy, home he would sail and put on the others, and swish, swish, swish the nigger would go at the muddy ones while Reuben scooted away again. That nigger swished at them boots till he got palpitation of the elbow and had to go to the horspital.

"It was in the afternoon, as I said, and Reuben was a-walking down Broadway, when he felt the yearth beginning to hump up its back, like as if it were a cat and saw a dorg or some such varmint. Reuben knowed what it was right away and naterally; like a patriotic citizen, *with* a nigger, he throwed hisself down on his stummick to do what he could to help hold the quake down and prevent it from doing any damage. The police force also throwed itself on their stummicks, according to orders from the superintendent in case of yearthquake; but it were no use and she jess went right on quaking.

"Well, of course, many pecooliar things

happened, some of which Reuben told me about. It were very demoralizing on the elervated trains and shook the heft of 'em off the track. Most of 'em lit on their wheels, but gener'ly the couplings busted and the cars went scooting off, some one way and some another. Elervated cars full of passengers was shooting all over town, every which way, like a game of fifteen-ball pool, with the track itself dancing a highland fling, first on one leg and then on the other. In some places like the Bowery and Ninth Avenoo, where it's only got one leg to stand on anyhow, it pretty near went over; and part of the time it went flippity-flop, like shaking a stair-carpet in the back yard, and one train which stuck to it went boiling up and down like a sea-serpent. The end up at One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth street, being loose, of course whipped around like blazes, and after cracking in the air for awhile two or three blocks of it snapped off and went into the Harlem River; otherwise there wasn't much excitement and it was soon over with, and Reuben got up and went home and changed his boots. It's a sort of a flat story, but I don't feel I oughter stretch it any after Reuben didn't."

"But there must be more to tell about such a remarkable occurrence. Wasn't there a great many people killed?"

"Not many real people—consider'ble many doods. Choked to death on their cigarette smoke, you see. Then a good many men that was carrying their umbrellars under their arms fell down and the umbrellars run through 'em and finished 'em. Fair number of flat-house janitors got smashed by chimbleys falling down air-shaffs on 'em, too, though folks was disapp'inted in this partic'lar some. In a good many places great bottomless cracks opened in the ground, but Reuben couldn't learn that anybody was swallowed up 'cept men that were jess going into cars carrying gone-out cigars in their fingers. Only one woman was swallowed and she had stood twenty minutes at a box-office window buying one ticket, with thirty-eight men waiting behind her. Also, office boys that whistled, seemed to suffer more than them that didn't, for some reason. But on the whole, the folks that was snatched wasn't

missed and the serious mortality was considered light."

"Didn't the tall buildings suffer badly?"

"Oh, it racked 'em some, but mostly they hung together pretty well, though the office boys that whistled and walked heavy on their heels was mostly shook down the elevator shafts. The Brooklyn Bridge was handled pretty rough and stretched out like molasses candy, more or less. When the shock was at its worst the Noo York tower would sway towards Brooklyn and the Brooklyn one slosh over towards Noo York, and the bridge would slack up 'bout thirty feet and sag, and then when it would tighten up the folks on it would fly up into the air consider'ble much, but mostly they fell back on, except a few Brooklyn men who was always asking Noo York friends to come over to dinner Sunday and letting 'em get lost. On the other hand, several Noo York men who had been lost in Brooklyn a week, was rattled out of the place into the East River and swum home. Some typewriters that chew gum was choked pretty bad, too.

"Yes," continued Billingdock, in a conclusive, rounding-out tone, "as Reuben remarked, the yearthquake was a occurrence not without interest to the stoodent of nature, but it's a rather dry subject for most people. But trooth is mighty and is not to be lightly sneezed at."

Then I left him. I have never seen him since, thereby, no doubt, missing many valuable and interesting facts.

*Hayden Carruth.*

#### TOLD TO THE TYPEWRITER.

THE stenographer smiled softly to herself as young Van Wyck came in, and a little red glow crept upward under the

sweet pallor of her face. She was as handsome in her way as the junior member of the great firm was in his.

There was more than the usual glow on Van Wyck's fine face to-day, and an over bubbling of life which made the slender little woman thrill as he greeted her courteously and prepared to dictate the morning letters. But his mind was not on his work, that was plain. Two or three times he stumbled and floundered badly and finally paused, helpless, in a vain endeavor to recall the lost thread of thought, while the stenographer's slim, white hand poised motionless over the notebook.

"Go on, Mr. Van Wyck," she said, her eyes lingering softly on his handsome face for just the fraction of a second.

But Van Wyck did not know what he had been saying, now. His thought had flown caroling like a bird far from business and everyday affairs and he could not seem to recall it.

There was wonder in the slender girl's eyes, then a self consciousness that was new to her. The thought burned in her heart that she was not a writing machine after all, but a woman.

"Somehow," said Van Wyck, "I can't dictate to-day or keep my mind on business. My heart is too full for everyday thoughts."

His tones thrilled and she flashed one swift glance at his face and bent her head low to hide her own. After all she was a woman with a woman's right to love and be loved.

Van Wyck went on as if echoing her thought.

"The greatest happiness in life is to love and to be loved," he said, "and this has come to me. I am engaged, Miss Dalton. It came about last night, and I





am too happy to think connectedly. I will leave these letters until to-morrow."

He held out his hand to her with the fine frankness of a man whose happiness makes him sure of the good will of all the world, and as she murmured some meaningless words of congratulation, took his hat and went out.

The little inner office had grown suddenly empty and gray, but the stenographer turned resolutely to her work. After all she was a woman and a thousand generations have taught her kind to hide heart-break beneath a placid face, and to bear resolutely above all the common burdens of the day.

The next day saw no change in her except that the soft pallor of her face no longer flushed with rose at his coming, and her eyes never lingered except on her notebook or the type-written sheet. She took letters from his dictation as usual and was as quick and accurate as ever. And so the days went on, swiftly for the radiant faced man, perhaps not slowly for the apt fingered girl. To work hard and be conscious that the work is well done is not happiness, but it helps the passing of the days.

There came a morning when Van Wyck's face wore no smile, but was set and pallid. This day, too, his thoughts wandered from the theme until the stenographer's eyes lingered on him wonderingly. By and by he stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"I cannot dictate to-day, either," he said. "I cannot fix my mind on business matters. I am too unhappy. Miss Dalton, the young lady to whom I told you I was engaged died last night. I—I will try and attend to these letters to-morrow."

He took his hat and left the office with bent head. The door clicked and the stenographer was left alone.

She bowed her face in her hands on the typewriter and wept in sorrow and in misery. Sorrow that the man whom she loved was unhappy, misery that in her heart surged a wild and wretched joy that was far worse than the unhappiness that she had learned to defy.

*Winthrop Packard.*

#### PAST TELLING.

"Is the editor in?"

She was a petite little damsel, with cheeks that blushed like Aurora, Ill., and as she stood framed in the rickety doorway of the editorial rooms she made a picture worthy of a Titian. In fact it is a supers-Titian in the office to this day that her ghost still stands there, and can be seen by any one who has dined well.

"He are," answered the base ball reporter, who sat nearest the door, "by which I mean that there are several of them. In fact, I am one of them myself."

"Well," said she, "perhaps you are the very one I want to see."

"I don't know about that," answered the young man of many base hits, "for I'm not very pretty—but I have no objections to seeing you. Just make an in-curve and shoot into this seat, and I'll try to coach you around the bases."

"I am a poet," she said, as she sat down. "Oh, no, no, no!" interrupted the horse reporter. "You mean poetess. Poets wear pants, and mostly patched ones at that. I see them very often when I go out for a beer. So you dally with the Muse, eh?"

"Yes," she answered with a blush.



"So do I," said the base ball reporter. "Have you read my epic about the last game between New York and Boston?"

"No—I don't read much of the work of the living poets."

"You ought to. They're the only ones who can buy you ice cream. Do you get your inspiration on ice cream?"

"No," she answered; "on lemon ice."

"Well, that has the same effect. But now let me see your poem. You have it in that little bag there, nicely rolled up and tied with a violet ribbon, haven't you?"

"Yes—how did you know?"

"Oh, I know most everything," said the base ball reporter.

"It is not exactly a poem," said the girl; "it is a pastel in prose."

"A what?"

"A pastel in prose, poetic diction and elevated thought, but non-metrical and without rhyme."

"Non what?"

"Non-metrical—without feet, you know."

"Oh—well, I always put feet in mine. In fact, if I could only get brains into it, the poetry editor says it would be first rate

stuff. I make a good many errors on rhyme, too. But I'll try your plan of leaving the rhyme out next time. Let me see your little effusion."

She drew the dainty manuscript from its hiding place and handed it to him. He read it in silence.

"Yes," he said, when he had finished perusing it; "it is almost perfect. You have the flying clouds in it, and the oleander trees. Likewise the moon and the nightingale. You also have the beautiful princess and the lover absent from her side as he should be. In fact, there is but one defect."

"What is that?" she asked huskily.

"I regret to say that you have written on only one side of the paper."

"But I thought that was the very way I should write."

"No; we require all manuscript to be written on both sides of the sheet. Too bad. Good day. Try again."

And as she passed through the door he turned to his score book and credited himself with a put-out.

*Tom Hall.*

## NOT WITHOUT HONOR

BY EVARTS LEE GORDON

THE occupant of bed No. 123 of the Hospital, Chicago, was to leave the fever-ward the next morning. He was a large, well-proportioned man of about thirty-five, with black hair, a slightly disfigured ear (though this was scarcely noticeable), and a handsome yet somewhat hardened face. He had been found nearly three months previous by a patrol from the Harrison Street Station, lying insensible in one of the dark alleys of the First Ward. It was supposed to be a case of assault and battery from a gang of roughs, and the blows that he had received on the head had brought on concussion of the brain and dangerous fever complications. The officer who came in the ambulance with him knew nothing

further of the man, although he ventured to remark that "it didn't look quite right, a man so well dressed being found in such a locality."

During his time in the hospital, no one had called to see him, and no information relative to him had been received; he was therefore supposed to be a stranger in the city, and was grouped with the nondescript class. The man himself seldom spoke, and never with the purpose of revealing himself. As has been said, he had so far recovered as to render any longer stay unnecessary, and was to leave the hospital the next morning. The nurse, a young English girl, as she came to his bed on her last round of the evening expected to find him asleep, but the patient opened his eyes

as she was turning away, and motioned her to come back.

"I wish to speak to you," he whispered, for he was afraid to disturb the stillness of the ward-room.

She seated herself by the bed. He reached out his hand and grasped hers.

"I am to leave here to-morrow. If anybody has saved my life, it has been you. Ah yes, I know—you won't take any credit—you women who do such noble work never will, but still I wouldn't have had one chance in a thousand if it hadn't been for you. I wish I could repay you a little for what you have done, but I can't—no, not even the poorest present. But won't you tell me who you are, so that sometime—"

"No, no,"—hastily interrupted the nurse, "you mustn't think of that. Remember it is but my work; I would have done the same to any man. If you are to thank anyone, thank a higher power than mine. I am but His servant."

"Yes, of course, but at least tell me how it is that an English girl like you is doing such work in an American city?"

"No, I can't even tell you that. But we are talking too much, you'll tire yourself. Now go to sleep and be glad that it is your last night in the hospital. Good-night."

"Good-night," uttered the man. Then he whispered, "but I shall remember you. If I can ever repay your kindness by rendering a service at any future time, I shall consider it a sacred obligation. Good-night."

And the next morning, bed No. 123 of the —— Hospital received another occupant.

About a year afterwards, on a dark June night, three men stood smoking against the lee-rail of the Cunard steamer "Lucania," outward bound, New York for Liverpool, England. It was late, and as the first night of the voyage promised to be a rough one, most of the saloon passengers had turned in early. The smoking-room was deserted. The big ship moved forward in the water like a sleeping monster; nothing could be heard but the regular thumping of the machinery and the constant splashing of the spray at the bow.

The men spoke in low voices. Two of them were evidently giving instructions to the third man, who spoke but little, and then only to ask a question. He was tall and well-figured, and would have been considered handsome anywhere despite the existence of a slight scar on his left ear.

"It's your first trip, Benton, and it won't do any harm if the passengers know it; they won't be so ready to suspect you. But you've got to be careful. We're going across unusually full, and there's many an American aboard with plenty of money to spend for a summer on the continent. If we don't more than double our passage and expenses, it'll be because we don't play the cards right. Of course we'll have to risk something now and then, but we can't afford to lose, you know. Remember that. And above all, don't forget to always appear and act like a wealthy gentleman—a gentleman mind you—and as wealthy as the rest of them."

Then the other one spoke. "To-morrow is Sunday, so we can't do much but get the lay of the land—or the sea," he grimly added. "If she pitches like this all night, there won't be many down to breakfast in the morning, anyway. But Monday—it will be different. You'll soon hear someone asking for a game, and if it's you they ask, why kind of fight shy at first, and then just take a hand for accommodation, you know. Hunt us up, and that will make the four. High stakes, a cool head, an indifferent manner, and you win; otherwise," and the man shrugged his shoulders, "well, you stand a good show of working your passage back on a freighter."

The men tossed their cigar stubs over the rail, and left the deck. The shorter of the two who had spoken, as they entered the smoking-room, glanced at the signs that were hung around the room, and said to Benton, "You want to work those things for all they're worth; they'll keep suspicion off of you, if used right."

The signs read:

Professional gamblers are reported as crossing the Atlantic at all seasons of the year, and passengers are warned to take precautions accordingly.

Four nights later the same men were again on the promenade-deck. Two of them were evidently greatly excited; they smoked viciously, and paced the deck with rapid and jerky strides. They waited until the last person had gone inside, and then they nearly dragged the third man to the most retired part of the ship.

"By God," muttered the short one, "if you play that dirty trick on us again, Benton, we'll throw you overboard, and it won't be the first time such a thing has been done, either. There Monday and Tuesday nights we were winning hands down, and that old Englishman was opening up a regular bank for us, and now just because you won the pool on to-day's run, you think you're a sharper gambler than either of us, and go and break up the combination in to-night's game. It's a dirty, blackguard's trick, and d— you, if you let the old man win again to-morrow, we'll kill you, do you hear? It's two against one you know, and we won't take any crooked work from a man like you—a fresh in the gang to boot." And the faces of both men showed that there would be no question about the carrying out of the threat.

It is true that on the first two days of the voyage, the men had won high stakes, but before they played on the third evening, something had happened of which two of the three men were ignorant. For on the previous morning as Benton was leaving the saloon, he noticed in front of him a person whose figure was somehow vaguely connected with his past. He seemed to associate it with clean white aprons and the smell of ether. And then, as she was joined in the companion-way by an Englishman, whom Benton already knew too well, and whom she addressed as father, she turned, and he saw her face. It was the face of the young English nurse in the Chicago hospital.

"You say you are going home," the man with the disfigured ear said to her, as he opened her steamer-chair on the deck that afternoon. "Have you grown tired of nursing?"

"Well, no," the girl answered, "it isn't exactly that, but I'm going to exchange a Chicago hospital for a London one. My work will be very much the same, I fancy."

"But why didn't you go into a London one to start with? How did it happen that an English girl like you found your way to Chicago?"

The girl glanced at the man, and hesitated a moment. Then she added: "Ah! yes, I remember, you asked me that question before. A good many persons have, but I didn't answer them then, though now it doesn't make so much difference."

"But what was the reason?" the man asked again.

"Well—you see, a few years ago when I left England, I really more than half ran away from home. I had set my mind upon becoming a nurse, and doing what little good I could in the world, but my father being a wealthy man would not hear of my going into a hospital. About that time, I had a friend who left England to join her brother in a Chicago hospital. Sometime later my father allowed me to visit that friend. I was to remain in Chicago three months, but at the end of that time the work had so fascinated me beyond reason that I simply would not return home. And so I stayed and stayed, until at last my father came over to get me. He said he had changed his mind, and was now willing I should become a nurse, at least for a time, if I would only come home and make it an English hospital. So that's why I'm on my way to England. And now I am perfectly contented to return, except that my father—but perhaps I ought not to speak of it to a stranger. Have you met my father yet, Mr. Benton?"

"Well—er—yes—I think I have met him several times in the smoking-room," stammered Benton.

"Ah! yes, that is just it," hastily added the girl. "I will tell you. I believe you said once that you would like to repay what little kindness I did for you, if it was ever in your power. Perhaps you can do so now." The girl leaned forward in her chair, and glanced around to see if they were overheard.

"My father spends too much time in the smoking-room. You need not look puzzled, for I know perfectly well that he gambles. It is a family trait, and has been so for years. My grandfather did it before him, and if I had a brother, which I have

not, he would in all probability possess the same habit. I know it is common among English gentlemen, and that they look upon it as an established custom, and a comparatively harmless pastime. With most of them who can afford it, it may be harmless, and probably is, but with my father it is different. Within late years the excitement of the game has told severely upon him, and his nerves are far from being what they were some few years ago. He grows steadily worse, and the habit is slowly killing him. To lose, while perhaps he doesn't so much begrudge the money, yet it aggravates him exceedingly, and causes him to become abnormally nervous. But why I tell you all this, is because it may be that you can help me, on this voyage at least. Am I wrong?"

"Not at all. If it is possible, I will certainly do whatever you may wish." And then and there, the man swore that he would trick the work of his accomplices that night, cost what it might. Had he so soon forgotten that last sickness in the Chicago hospital, or his vowed obligation?

"I was sure of it. It is this. My father told me this morning that he very much suspected that the men he had played with the past two nights were a clique of gamblers. He said he had lost heavily, but swore that he would spend his last cent to get even with them before we reached Liverpool. And he will do it, unless some one interferes. What I ask of you is, isn't there some way you can take a hand in the game and spoil the work of these three men against my father? Of course, I should not wish you to enter into it too deeply; only enough to try the experiment. It may work, and if it does, you'll be doing a great service to my father, and—and

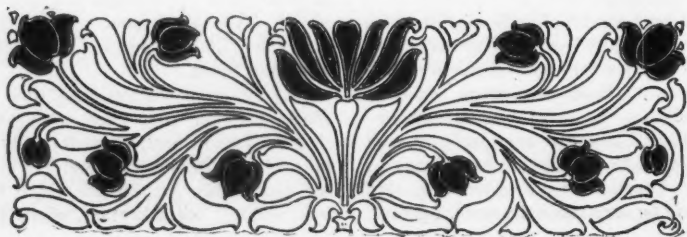
indirectly to myself. Have I asked too much, Mr. Benton?" And without waiting for his answer, she added, "But there's the bugle; I must go and dress for dinner. Good-bye." And she left the deck.

The outcome of this conversation, the reader knows. The two men had lost steadily that night, and the girl's father had won. The men easily saw through the game, and had not hesitated to express their opinion.

The next evening the same thing was repeated; the girl's father was the winner. And that noon, when the run had been posted, 535 was the lucky number, and beside that number was the name, George D. Bepton. The pool two days running. "Lucky dog," said some of the passengers. "Will he win it again? The third time you know."

The question was never answered; at least the man's name did not again appear in the pool. Nor did it appear upon the landing-list when the "Lucania" reached Liverpool. A dull splash, as of a falling body striking the water, which occurred long after midnight on the fifth day of the voyage and which at the time was not discovered, told the story.

Perhaps it was as well, for the "Scotland Yard" authorities had in the meantime received a cablegram from the New York Police Headquarters, that read as follows: "We have reason to believe that 'Jim C. Clark, alias Harrison, alias Benton,' wanted in Chicago for murder, and in San Francisco for a \$500,000 bank robbery, is a saloon passenger on the 'Lucania.' He is six feet, good-looking, has black hair, and a slightly disfigured ear. You can tell him by this last. Detain him when 'Lucania' reaches Liverpool."







# THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

**I**N the last two issues of the magazine we called the attention of the members of this class to the fact that it would become necessary to extend the time limit in which to get in the answers, this extension being necessary for two reasons: First, in order to give those residing in the West time to receive their magazine and to get their answers back, and second, because many members had written us that the previous time limit had not been long enough in which to make a careful and thorough search for the answers. With the March and April number we accordingly made an extension of the time, by which arrangement the answers to the March questions were to be in by April 30, and the answers to the April questions to be in by May 30. From the large amount of correspondence which has recently been received at this office, we find we have made too liberal an extension and accordingly herewith make another and final arrangement, which we wish all the members of the class would take careful note of and respond to accordingly.

The answers to the March and the April questions must be received at this office by the last day of April, the answers appearing in our June issue. This doubling up of answers, or in other words giving two sets of answers in the June issue is necessary by reason of the foregoing change of time. The answers to the questions in the May issue must be in by May 30th and will appear in our July issue.

## THE FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

### Literature.

1. What is the origin of the word "volume"?
2. What were the Delphin classics?

3. What is meant by the phrase "piling Pelion on Ossa"?

4. From what originated our word Lyceum?

5. What accomplished Greek writer lived in Rome about the year 80 A. D. and taught philosophy there, and what set of writings have made him famous even to this day?

### Art.

1. Who was called "the moon of Ruben's sun"?

2. Guido Reni painted a wonderful picture at Rome that is still there. Where is it? What is it? What did Byron say of it?

3. In one of Titian's great pictures he introduced his mother. Which picture was it, and where is it, and how did he represent her?

4. Why did Titian call Tintoretto "a dauber"?

### General.

1. What is the origin of the word "sterling" marked on silver?

2. Why is St. George the patron saint of England?

3. Mention the name of each month and why it was so-called from the Roman name.

4. What was the origin of the title "Dauphin"?

5. What were the wars of the Fronde, and why were they so-called?

## PRIZES FOR MAY.

First Prize: "The Choir Invisible."  
By James Lane Allen.

Second Prize: "The Workers," by  
Walter A. Wyckoff.

Third Prize: "Marching With Gomez,"  
by Grover Flint.

Fourth Prize: Bound Volume VII of  
the National Magazine.



### "The Workers."

IT is not exactly in the usual order of events for a young university man to cast aside for a year or two his intellectual pursuits and his comfortable living and to substitute in their place the life of an ordinary day laborer. Yet this is just what Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff did a few years ago with the result of giving us a most profitable diary of this life called "The Workers" and subtitled "An Experiment in Reality." Mr. Wyckoff was at that time a Princeton man keenly interested in the social problems and in the schemes that had been, and were being, promulgated for the betterment of the lower social stratus. He shared the belief, however, with many right minded men that those who put forward these opinions were not in a great many instances as closely in touch with their subject as they should be. In other words, that the writers on sociology and the advocates of social changes, were in the main ignorant of just how the other half looked at the matter. To overcome this, or at least to make a single modest endeavor to get at the root of things and to see the situation from both sides, Mr. Wyckoff, dressed as an ordinary workman with a pack on his back, left his country-house on Long Island one beautiful July morning some years ago, and without a cent in his pocket, started out across the landscape to earn his living for a time not as a skilled thinker of the highest type but as an unskilled laborer of the lowest. His first day's jour-

ney is considerably more than interesting reading. He tramps about sixteen miles and at the late noon hour he writes "that the prospect of a dinner, instead of being an interesting speculation, became shortly a very pressing necessity." And so his experiences begin to accumulate. He mows a lawn for his first meal, saws some wood for his lodgings and so on until he reaches West Point, where he labors at tearing down buildings with a gang of Italians and Irishmen for a dollar and sixty-five cents a day. At the end of the week he travels to new fields and becomes the porter in a summer hotel, then a hired man at an insane asylum, afterwards a farm laborer and finally (in this volume) a lumberman in a logging camp among the wooded districts of western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Wyckoff very frankly states in his introduction that he entered into this experiment with no theories to establish and no preconceptions to maintain. His intention was solely to live for a time with the different orders of working classes and to jot down his experiences as they occurred, and his observations as they came to him. His whole treatment of the matter is frank, unpretentious, sincere, and deeply in earnest. The book reads in a good many places like a story, possessing the double fascination of being based on fact. The single criticism that might be made is that Mr. Wyckoff does not record enough of the attitude or the opinions of the laboring men relative to the social situation of to-day. As a knowledge of this at-

titude and opinion must have been in reality the greatest motive for his undertaking the experiment, we do not see why this aspect has been so slightly dealt with. The book is of course interesting reading, as a diary and as a reflection of the life of the people concerned, but in order to have been of value as a contribution to the subject, it is an open question whether or not Mr. Wyckoff should have spent more time on the ethical side of the story and less on the picturesque. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### "Meadow Grass."

AND still the sweet, fresh fragrance of Alice Brown's "Meadow Grass" is abroad and is being enjoyed by thousands whose delicacy of perception detects in it a redolence of rare quality. The fact that Miss Brown has gleaned such a rich harvest from a field where so many good reapers had already preceded, shows that her sheafs are composed not only of the surface growths that are peculiarized by New England atmosphere, but that she has taken also the roots that are imbedded in the soil of a common human nature.

The descriptions of nature in "Meadow Grass" are not extraneous or merely descriptive, but are the translation of human thoughts and feelings into the language of trees, flowers and sunshine. It is the personal element, the human soul, that stamps each one of these unique sketches. They are told with the vigor, sincerity and readiness of personal experience and contact and not simply as products of the imagination. Miss Brown uses to the utmost the tender phases of the self-poised New England character, phases that often lie buried so deep under the sterner and more practical sides, that they need special experiences to uncover them. "Meadow Grass" is a series of such special experiences.

To say that one story is more pleasing than the rest is simply to tell which experience most fully rouses the sleeping memory of the reader. In some cases it is only lightly stirred as by the playing of the far away music of childhood, in others the awakening is so sudden and complete as to suggest a dash of cold water. The de-

scription of the circus at Tiverton will serve most of us as an instance of the latter case. In reading "After All," what daughter of Eve, who has lived her Eden days in a district of small shops, does not recall the many times she has flattened her youthful nose against the milliner's shop window and coveted with all her infant might the small hat trimmed with pink and a wreath of tiny white flowers, or the one in blue with its nodding cowslips! How many elderly dames, whom Providence has blessed with over-kind daughters-in-law have not been laid on the shelf of retirement long before their own powers and cravings for domestic meddling have grown torpid! There is in these stories such a vividness of experience, such delicacy of sentiment, so much humanity feeling, such wholesome humor and original comparisons, that the reader emerges from their spell filled with happy good-will. Indeed there is a moral running all through the book, but Miss Brown's train of thought moves so smoothly from the pleasing narrative to a moral abstraction, that we do not discover the switch. There is always the plea for a simpler life, one nearer the heart of nature and modelled after the lily-of-the-field pattern. There is a constant attempt to unveil the joys of every day existence, joys that are in every life but remain invisible until the right point of view shows us what would always have been ours but for the lack of proper visual adjustment. The book is published by Copeland & Day.

#### "The Quest of Happiness."

PHILIP Gilbert Hamerton, having won renown as a painter, etcher, art critic and philosopher, is entitled to attention when he speaks upon a subject of such universal interest as human happiness. "The Quest of Happiness" is the last message to mankind from this artist-philosopher. The "cheery optimism" of which he was accused by critics of his earlier books on "The Intellectual Life" and "Human Intercourse" is less apparent in his final work; for a trail of sadness is over all that is written here. This is due not to any fault in his natural temper, but rather to the fact that when the

book was in preparation, the author was in the clutches of a mortal disease, was aware that the end of life was near, and was doubtless impaired in the fibre from which sprang his more triumphant utterances of a former time. Nevertheless, the "Quest" rings with the old tone of authority as from one who has been accustomed to talking to a respectful world-audience; and its interest grows deeper and more pathetic through our knowledge that Mr. Hamerton was obliged to leave the work incomplete.

Upon the same ground on which he always planted himself, he warns humanity against expecting the highest ideals to become realities; for the most part, he regards these ideals as goals toward which the race must strive while the individual must set himself more and more to extract his happiness from the world of fact; the writer's great aim is to hold men's feet to the earth, where each may hope to find more or less of the joys which are in harmony with his peculiar constitution. Among the most prolific sources of unhappiness, emphasis is laid on the non-exercise of natural faculties, physical, mental, moral, and emotional.

Mr. Hamerton's simple, easy, clear style recommends his essays to many to whom they would not otherwise be acceptable. No one can read his "Quest of Happiness" and "Intellectual Life" without feeling the mental and moral forces stimulated and quickened. This book is published by Roberts Bros.

#### "The Broom of the War God."

IF the "Broom of the War God" had been entitled a journal of the late Greek war, instead of a novel, we should start out with different expectations and finish with more satisfaction. The book gives a detailed but somewhat disconnected account of the incidents of the war as they were lived through by the author, Henry Noel Brailsford. An English volunteer in the Foreign or Philhellenic Legion, carried into the war by sentiment and love of the cause, he gives a very graphic idea of how hopeless were the affairs of the Greeks from the very beginning. The Philhellenic Legion was composed mostly of the

scum of Europe, or, as he puts it "of all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, the ragged edges of society swept up by the broom of the War God." They were inspired, not by patriotism but by love of adventure and the chance of escaping a worse fate at home. They were undrilled, underfed and had not even the outward insignia of respectable uniforms. As for martial music, Greece boasted only one military band and that was kept busy in Athens playing funeral marches.

It cost our hero, with his refinement and sensitiveness, titanic efforts to stick to his purpose in the face of starvation, filth, sickness, exhaustive marches, death and, worst of all, a hopeless cause. His sense of honor and humor combined saved the day for him. He has given us some capital character sketches of his unique comrades, and these alone save the book from being hopelessly unanimated and lacking in vigor. To be sure, the author is at a disadvantage in making romance of history so near the time of its occurrence. It forbids the play of the imagination and the recounting of interesting details of personalities, (especially if the subjects are still living,) which give the historical novel so much of its charm. In the case in hand, unrestricted criticism and lavish praise were alike impossible, consequently the author has relegated some of the most important facts and interesting comment to a series of appended notes. Perhaps it was chiefly these difficulties that imposed upon the writer the slow and unimpassioned gait of tedious narrative; for his character delineations certainly have style and humor. The love episode, on the other hand is weak and only acts as a disturbing element to the purity and coherence of the story.

In the main the book shows considerable likeness with "The Red Badge of Courage." D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers.

#### "Victor Serenus."

IN his latest book, which bears the very tell-tale name of Victor Serenus, Henry Wood has attempted the rather unique combination of a psychological novel on a biblical subject. The idea of taking the

meagrely recorded lives of our bible heroes and, by touches of the imagination surrounding the given high lights by the backgrounds and shadows of ordinary human struggles and passions, is becoming a favorite inspiration with novelists. But Henry Wood has gone farther than this. As one of the foremost thinkers of the day on psychological and metaphysical subjects, he has attempted so to correlate the laws of mind and matter, as to refer all of the psychical phenomena or miracles of the time of Paul to the orderly workings of a universal law which is just as potent to-day as it was then and is only waiting for comprehension and formulation. The greatest discovery of the present century is the idea of the universality of law, not only on the physical plane but the most progressive scientists and theologians alike are insisting upon natural law in the "spiritual world," as well.

The book is really a life of Paul, for, although Victor Serenus is the ideal character, all of the interest centres around the transformation of Saul, the cruel persecutor and slayer of the Christians, into Paul the Apostle. By his strong character portrayal, the author throws new light and interest upon a story so well known that it fails to impress us with its wonderful singularity. The detail of description is exact and shows careful study. Mr. Wood has thrown out material for a powerful plot but he fails in development and execution; in fact, he is so possessed with the "purpose" of his book, that he forgets his characters temporarily and goes off into his true sphere, that of the essayist. Many of the most important and perplexing phases are not developed at all and so the story loses connection and force. There is also another error into which the author's zeal for his idea carries him and that is the twentieth century expressions in which Victor Serenus clothes his first century ideas. We should expect him to use the simple untechnical language of Jesus and the disciples or the prophetic language of the seer, but instead he wields the exact scientific language of the modern student of metaphysics. However, these are minor points. Mr. Wood's purpose is so high, he raises such an earnest plea for no-

bler ideals and a happier life and makes the road to their attainment so clear and attractive, that we can well afford to let him ignore conventional forms. The central idea of the book is that man's mind and thought forces are the creators whereby he can fashion his own world of happiness, health and goodness. The method is the power of suggestion or holding before and in the mind noble sentiments and ideals. The power of displacement is strongly emphasized i. e., the power to rid the mind of evil thinking by substituting something higher and better. The book is a rich condensation of thoughts helpful for moral and spiritual unfoldment and every page breathes optimism and happiness.

#### "The Vice of Fools."

"**T**he Vice of Fools," by Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, a little volume recently issued by Herbert S. Stone & Co., is a society novel in which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor purposes to analyze that indefinable being commonly known as a woman of the world. In this work the author argues that society at best is merely a pretence for happiness, a pretence in which the gentler sex play the all important part. The scene of the story is laid in Washington among ambitious diplomats, vieing with one another for political precedence, and frivolous women struggling to gain the highest round of the social ladder. The heroine, a daughter of one of Washington's leading politicians, is a girl whose sterling qualities become dimmed by the unhealthy atmosphere in which she lives. Pride, that "Vice of Fools," is the keynote of her downfall, the besetting sin that brings her into the power of a crafty, unprincipled man of the world. A man who unscrupulously makes her his dupe, the medium through which he hopes to attain her father's support in a political contest. The somewhat pessimistic tone of the book is relieved by a few clever character sketches, such as honest Mrs. Cortland, dauntless Jack Hardy and a sarcastic little Hungarian minister. The style of the story is far from satisfactory. Its plot is commonplace and unduly lengthened. In brief, the book belongs to that class of society novels the reading of which is exceedingly profitless.





WHAT a beautiful observance it is strewing flowers on the soldier's graves, and there are some graves on Cuban soil that should not be forgotten. No other country in the history of the world ever had precisely such a holiday, and the spirit that could give birth to such a reverential and tender tribute to the soldier dead is indeed one of the most tender traits of our national life. The close and fraternal relation between a government and its people is a great bulwark of strength. It was this tie that made Lincoln's call for volunteers a memorable expression of loyalty, and the events of the past few weeks indicate that the same patriotism still lives. How long would it require to muster in and enlist two million men in the United States Army if danger threatened? Let the garlands be placed upon the graves of all our soldier-dead, for we are truly a united nation, and the old flag unfurled over the tomb of every American soldier is a tribute worthy Spartan heroes.

THE state of the country over war news, during the past month, has been enough to give Spain chills and fever. Only the firm placid hand of President McKinley could have held this country in check during a time that has truly tried a nation's patience as well as their souls. The general crescendo in large headlines

on the war scare has at last reached a climax. Large poster letters covering almost the entire front pages of the more sensational papers have seemed entirely inadequate to express the feelings of the headline editor. The various timely articles in "The National Magazine" grappling with the Cuban Question, Coast Defences and the Diplomatic Situation at Washington, have brought us an avalanche of compliments on our enterprise.



THERE is a notion among some periodicals that they cover the entire earth for advertising. Some of the representatives of three or four publications industriously give out the impression to advertisers that such is the fact, and they put up the rates to an agonizing figure, and the advertiser is told that the high price does the business. To the careful student of advertising, however, there is a feature of this proposition overlooked. The first 50,000 subscribers obtained by any periodical are certainly closer to that periodical than any subsequent 50,000; that is, this 50,000 have some specific personal reason for subscribing aside from the merely comparative or relative value of the publication. They are drawn toward it by some favorable influence not always apparent, and for that reason it is quite logical to presume that these subscribers are more

interested in the advertisements in that publication than when it becomes so prosperous that all personal identity is lost. One of the primary principles of advertising is iteration. The constant recurrence of the name in print is the primal idea sought in advertising. Merely attracting the attention of a mass of people does not carry with it results. A man might walk down the street in a red flannel shirt and it would attract attention, but that would not necessarily emphasize or prove to spectators the superior texture of the shirt he wore. The first element of a business transaction is confidence. The advertiser must win the confidence of his patrons, and a publication of small circulation, that has a clientèle who believe in it is sure to gain that confidence. The relation of an editor or a publisher and his readers is much the same as a preacher and his congregation. If it is the right kind of an editor and publisher the advertisement is certain to result in bringing every advertiser very close to his subscribers; and especially is this true where the publisher is discriminating in the class of advertising accepted, and in every way protecting its readers from anything fraudulent or objectionable. Beg pardon, we have tried to frankly state an argument for "The National Magazine" to advertisers.

DOES a person thoroughly digest reading a book obtained from a public library? Is there not a tacit restraint hovering about a borrowed book that deters from dipping right into the contents and digesting it by way of generous marking and even dog-earing if you please. What, after all, is more satisfactory than to absolutely own a few books and exercise upon them the owner's indisputable right which in these cases establish a close, and certainly a sympathetic relationship between book, author and reader. When you see a young person with a library of well-thumbed books, generously sprinkled with little book marks, and the titles indicating a conscientious and systematic course of reading, that individual thinks as well as reads. We are called a great nation of readers, but do we think, or is our reading

on the sieve plan? How many "sets" of books are bought for "appearance" on the shelves? How many Bibles, Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, are purchased just to satisfy the notion that they are necessities whether used or not? The American people in promiscuous buying of books are certainly encouraging a great dummy private library system in the homes. The "sets" frighten the young and timid readers as they gaze upon the stilted uniformity of calf, morocco and gilt letters. How many proud owners of "sets" ever open half the volumes—let alone reading one. Now, let us be honest for once and own up to the truth that we are more a nation of book collectors than readers. Dip, delve, think and be on more than a speaking acquaintance with your books. What do you think about it anyhow?

THE sketches on a bicycle tour are coming in at a lively rate—regular scorchers as it were, and it appears that some of them are distinctly reminiscent. No matter; but one writer goes back to 1868, and we are afraid he has gotten his dates mixed as that was even before Colonel Pope's debut. We are not a stickler on dates, where a play of fancy is required to embellish, but it must have at least the semblance of fact. The \$100 in cash prizes will be awarded October 15th, so hurry up your manuscripts as our readers have a busy summer's task before them. Just give a graphic and interesting account, with photographs, of the oddest and quaintest places ever visited on a bicycle tour—not over two thousand words, and on one side of the paper please!

WE do not know that we altogether approve of Sara Crowquill's strictures on the energetic and industrious American in her article on the artist, C. D. Gibson, in this issue. She says the Englishman "is not in our eternal hurry and for all that gets as much work done." This reminds us of a story we heard some time ago. A lively and patriotic American girl was making the trip on an ocean steamer between New

York and Liverpool. Among the passengers was a wealthy and aristocratic young Englishman who had traveled extensively through this country and was now on his way home. The two were in conversation together and in reply to her query as to what he thought of America, he replied, "I like the country and people very much indeed, but I find a great lack in that you have no class among you that might be called 'gentry.'" "Indeed," replied the young lady, "what do you call 'gentry?'" "Oh," he said, "you know in England we have a class of men who do not have to work for their living, but just travel about and amuse themselves." "Well," she answered, "we have such a class as that in America, only we don't call them 'gentry.'" "Why," he said, "what do you call them?" "We call them 'tramps'" was the reply.



TALKING of ocean steamers leads us to remark that Mr. Freeman Furbush will relate his experiences with Atlantic liners in our next issue and that they will be told in his characteristic and delightfully nonsensical vein. The article will be finely illustrated with delineations of scenes on board a steamer, giving an idea of the social life, amusements and entertainments incident to the peculiar life which is enjoyed there.



THE love of one woman for another has not often been exploited in works of history or fiction. Men are too apt to think that women cannot be in love with anyone but their august selves, nevertheless the friendships of women are among the noblest facts of life and now and then we hear of cases of rare devotion. The friendship of Damon and Pythias is held to be a typical one for men and that of Ruth and Naomi among women. The story of Ruth is one of the sweetest ever told and under the title of "A Daughter of Moab" Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Dickinson has related it for us with much eloquence and pathos this month. We believe it was Goethe who said "the best women are those we never hear of," and the great poet was right, for the noblest self sacrifices and

most heroic deeds are often performed in the seclusion of the family, and the outer world seldom knows of them. Ruth would have been a most surprised woman had she been informed that her beautiful loyalty to her mother-in-law would be heralded in these remotes ages. Many seek for fame who can never grasp it. "He that exalted himself shall be abased and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."



IN the June number of "The National Magazine" will be published the first of a series of intensely interesting, illustrated articles on "The Life and Times of Julius Cæsar" by Mr. C. M. Rettock, and the Latin students will be pleased to know that it is written in the English language. The time in which Cæsar lived is one which must be of interest to every American, beginning as it did 100 B. C. and covering the years which witnessed the end of the Roman Republic and the beginning of the Imperial Line. The simplicity and frugality, which marked the early years of the Republic, had given way to extravagance, luxury and licentiousness almost incredible to modern readers, while the ambition and venality of the magistrates had plunged the country into civil wars. It was then that one of the world's greatest warriors and statesmen came upon the scene. At a time when many thoughtful persons fear that our own Republic is departing from the course designed for it by its founders, we believe that these articles will be found most timely and will furnish food for reflection. These scenes in the time of Cæsar are presented in a bright, interesting and readable form with no attempt to be profound or to moralize. The pictures are drawn with as few strokes of the pen as possible and the reader is left to make his own deductions. There are vivid descriptions of the manners and customs of that day, and we are made acquainted with the foibles and idiosyncrasies as well as the virtues of the First Cæsar and with the interesting epoch which preceded the entrance of Christianity. The articles will be fully illustrated by our staff of artists and from famous paintings by the world's master artists.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

**N**EARLY every individual of normal faculties has the poetic impulse come over him in May-time. The walk in the soft breeze at twilight, the scent of new turned earth, the sweet perfumed blossoms, the refreshing flavor of buds and struggling grass. The very air is laden with happiness—how beautiful the world is after all. Why can it not always be May-time? The clarifying odor of the burning leaves, the fresh earth garnered with the garden rake. The old familiar nooks are visited and vine and tree seems to give greeting after the long silence of winter. The animals join Nature and ourselves in happy serenity. The very expression of horse, cow, dog and chicken seems to be in harmony with us and even the symphony from the frog pond is a welcome overture in the Nocturnal greeting of May time, sweet May time. Every place on earth seems beautiful in May. It is after all the great universal, gladsome month of the calendar year.



**I**T is decidedly gratifying to note the appreciation expressed each month concerning the cover designs of "The National Magazine." The intent is to break away from the photographic commonplace and introduce the classic and idyllic, and the series will make a most artistic collection. The cover of the current month suggests May time in ancient Greece, and we can almost fancy the beautiful maiden gathering flowers to strew upon the graves of the Grecian war heroes—a prophetic expression of the spirit indicated in our Memorial Day.



**S**OMEWHERE in the Old Testament an admonition appears for the chosen people to wear in their garments a thread of blue as proof of their loyalty. To-day even in the faded and worn Confederate gray, we can find a thread of blue; to-day we must have blossoms for them all. Torn, tattered, now merely relics, in the garb of every American soldier will be found the thread of blue. Love of country! It is a grand sentiment, and the dear old flag never seems so precious and so

regal in its splendor as on each recurring Memorial Day. This holiday makes men better patriots, and impresses vividly upon the children the blessings of that flag and the country it represents.



**I**T is not often that we see two great nations like England and America contending for the honor of a man's nationality, but such is the case with the distinguished artist,—a reproduction of whose painting forms our frontispiece this month—George H. Boughton. Mr. Boughton was born in England but came to this country when only three years old, and if it is true that the first twelve years of life are the controlling influences, then we may claim him as American, for he lived all of his early manhood here although for the last thirty-five years he has resided in London. No artist that we have is more truly American in his art, for none have given more beautiful and truer pictures of our early Puritan life or more subjects that are distinctively American. His fame is so great that both countries honor themselves in honoring him. It is matter of much gratification to us that Mr. Boughton himself selected the picture which has been reproduced for us. It is a lovely scene in the English Isle of Wight and the painting is one of the gems of Mr. Henry G. Marquand's famous private collection.



**J**UST a moment while we speak to you confidentially concerning the matter of new subscribers. We want every reader of "The National Magazine" for May to send us at least one subscriber before June 1st. We do not care if it is only twenty-five cents for three months, see if you have not one friend who is interested. The news stand sales are increasing at a phenomenal rate but "The National Magazine" wants a place every month on the library table. It is the homes that we seek and there is where the periodical is going. Just how to express an appreciation of the thousands and thousands of friends in all parts of the country we do not know, unless it is to publish a still better magazine each month. Now don't forget about that one new subscriber.



## "CONSCIENCE IN CLOTHES"



OOD'S "Song of the Shirt" was written sixty years ago, but it does not require even common powers of observation to feel that it is the burden of the great army of the sewing classes all over civilization today. If the average intelligent person will visit, and it will require a good deal of persuasion to get him to do even this, the very lowest quarters of any of our large clothing centers, amid the haunts of vice, poverty and degradation, often amid the very depths of the slums, he will find where the "cheap" clothing he has been wearing, perhaps for years, has come from. If there is one-half of the conscience in clothes that Emerson intimated in the famous remark, "the consciousness of being well dressed brings a peace of mind that revealed religion cannot give," the self-respecting man cannot afford to uphold the "sweat shop." The other side of the picture was revealed in a recent visit to the establishment of the Macular, Parker Company, in Boston. The firm occupies the model building on Washington street,

where it has been for nearly forty years. A visit to this establishment, and the courtesy of being conducted through it, is one of the distinct privileges of the visitor to Boston to-day. While the main sales-rooms of retail ready-made clothing are some sixty feet in width by two hundred in depth, the visitor still gets little idea of the real extent of the premises. There is altogether about five acres of floor space. Underneath the store are two well-lighted basements—while above are four stories, which constitute a teeming, well-ordered hive of modern industry.

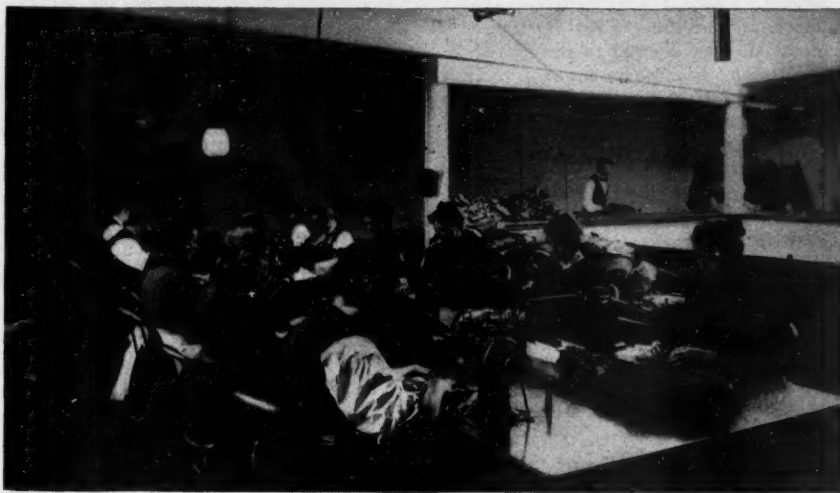
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Let us take the elevator and ascend at once to the great "coat room" on the top floor. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the abundance of light. There is almost too much of it. The second is the scrupulous cleanliness. The eye searches the floor, the corners, everywhere in vain for a sign of carelessness in this particular. The third is the contented faces of the workers. There is none of the tired, hopeless class, here. The little army is com-



posed, happy, with a cheerful side glance for the stranger, as he threads his way about under the courteous guidance of his mentor. There are sewing machines—rows of them—but a tiny wire, connecting with a hidden dynamo, furnishes the power, and the operator simply guides the work with skillful hands. There are large ovens in each workroom where the lunches are kept warm against the noon hour. The sanitary arrangements are the same as those of a modern hotel. It is a workshop where everybody is busy, but where there is not the remotest hint that dirt and

familiar with the old idea of the heavy flat-iron or tailor's "goose" these machines are a revelation. A simple easy foot pressure works them. There is no tiring arm work. The hand simply guides the gas-heated, odorless iron. The cutting room, occupying the entire floor below, is presided over by a hale, white-haired man, who has been with the firm since 1858, when he was a boy of fifteen. Clothes are not manufactured in disorderly haste in this establishment. A single instance is suggestive. In the ordinary clothing factories from eight to ten thicknesses of



despair are the natural accompaniments of toil. In this sense the atmosphere is distinctly uplifting. This is where the coats and vests are put together. The floor below contains another little army of workers—the "coat finishing" room and the pantaloons makers. We stop to take a look at the machines for making button holes, a triumph of late invention. Here is another busy row of sewers, but the visitor is not oppressed by the noise, and wonders at it. The machines are kept in constant repair.

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Adjoining is a large pressing room, where an average corps of fifteen men are busy at work the year round. To those

cloth are cut at once. Here the layers of cloth never exceed four, as that is all that can be handled faultlessly. As an instance of special care in detail, the white vests and shirts are made in a carpeted room. This room is suggestive in every detail of the neatness required in the putting together of this delicate garment. It is, like the others, a perfect workroom for its purpose. Here also custom-shirts in large variety, from the immaculate dress bosom to the last novelty in outing wear, are made. The second floor front, adjoining the counting-room, is the extra stock room. Here are orderly piles of surplus stock and extra sizes—unseasonable goods—available at

## "CONSCIENCE IN CLOTHES"

all times of the year. The Florida tourist can be fitted to a summer suit or thin overcoat in midwinter, for instance. The stock in this department alone is larger in itself than that of most retail clothing stores. A special feature of this house is the examining, measuring and shrinking of the piece goods. This is conducted in a commodious apartment at the top of the building, where arrangements of light and ventilation, so important in the treatment of cloth, are just what they should be. Classification has been carried to perfection in the arrangement of this great store. We have space to glance only at a single detail. There is a special department, for instance, for boys' furnishing goods on the main floor. Let us descend to the main basement, which has also an entrance on Hawley street. Here the main stock of piece goods is kept. The firm are heavy importers, and a select trade is done with custom tailors all over the country. A large number of traveling men are constantly employed, and there are branch offices located in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, with a foreign purchasing agency in London at 30 Golden square,—known to readers of Dickens as the place of residence of Ralph Nickleby. All power, light and heat are made on the premises in the sub-basement, where there is about one hundred horse-power housed in the latest machinery.

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The force of Macullar, Parker Company represents an industrial army of between four hundred and five hundred persons. It is the largest force employed on the premises by any house that makes or sells ready to wear clothing only, strictly at retail, anywhere in the world. Of these more than one-half have been in the continuous employment of the firm for ten years, and fully one-quarter of them for twenty years. The house has several employees who are nearing the half-century in its service. The sons and daughters of old employees are plentifully besprinkled among the force. One custom of the house is that all salaries are paid through legal holidays as on working days. The force is so large, so

evenly distributed, and so well handled that there are practically no hours of overwork the year round.

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The main office of the firm and the director's room, adjoining, on the second floor, are a veritable storehouse of historical reminiscence. Everywhere are tributes to old New England. A series of photographs of old Boston churches and other notable buildings ornament the walls of the countingroom and are a record of the growth of the metropolis. In the directors' room, which has the dignity and atmosphere of the old-fashioned bank parlor, Mr. Parker takes the visitor to a bookcase stored with rare and valuable old books relating to Boston, including directories of different dates as far back as 1826. In the directory of 1840 is found the name of "Daniel Webster, Counsellor, Court st., corner Tremont st."

Memories of the best and wisest period of New England life cluster all about the establishment, are inwoven with its traditions, are a part of its history. Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Beecher, Longfellow were regular patrons of the house. There is another notable tradition. The Prince of Wales, during his visit to the United States, while staying at the Revere House in Boston, in October, 1860, purchased of this house an "Inverness" traveling cape, when about leaving for Portland to take the steamship for England on the 19th of that month. This is probably the only purchase of ready-made clothing His Highness ever made in his life.

To praise the output of Macullar, Parker Company is a work of supererogation. A firm whose senior member welcomes the grandchildren of his first patrons needs little other recommendation to the large number who have still to learn the pleasure and satisfaction of dealing at this great establishment.



Series of Frontispieces  
from  
American Artists.



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THE TRUMPETER.



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE AT MANILA.  
HANDLING A 10-INCH GUN.